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LETTERS

Kenneth Rexroth

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The University of California at Santa Barbara may not renew the teaching contract of Kenneth Rexroth, world recognized poet, translator, Sinologist and critic. The reason most often given is that Mr. Rexroth is 67 years old and over the age of mandatory retirement. Concerned students are circulating a petition in support of continuing his teaching position at the university. . . . A great many people, both artists and average citizens, have been writing letters to Vernon Cheadle, Chancellor of the University of California at Santa Barbara, in support of the continued relationship of the poet and the university.

In 1970 Rexroth was elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. As well as serving as a focal point for the creative community, he has published twenty-six books and written for *Esquire, The Nation, The New Republic, Atlantic Monthly, The New York Times Magazine* and other journals. . . . He has published translations from the Chinese, Japanese, Spanish and French. He is currently under contract to write several new books. . . .

Mr. Rexroth was intimate with the Vortex poets, Ezra Pound, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot and William Carlos Williams, who felt that their work would engulf the world in a creative whirlwind. He was also at the center of the San Francisco renaissance along with Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg and Kerouac, which established the state of California as one of the wellsprings of 20th-century literature and art. Daniella Ciani, the Italian critic of American literature, has pointed out the fact that our contemporary literature is held in much higher esteem in Europe than in the United States and that Rexroth and other members of the San Franciso scene are major figures in world literature.

Edmond Chibeau, Institute for Applied Behavioral Science
University of California

the drift in Israel

Miami Beach, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: In my opinion, Herbert Krosney is hardly the ideal correspondent *The Nation* should have in Israel. His latest article, "Israel at Twenty-Five" [Apr. 30], savors of rabbinical writing, as if he were writing a liturgy.

No one can doubt Israel's tremendous achievements in twenty-five years—socially, educationally, industrially, scientifically, militarily and in other vital areas. No one can question Israel's right to exist and to continue to build a flourishing state without fear. . . .

But let's look ahead: What is the *basic economic structure* on which Israel is building its superstructure? Are the original ideas and goals of the kibbutz movement Israel's dominant and controlling economic foundation, or has capitalism by and large overtaken and superseded the original Socialist ideals, resulting, as Krosney lightly skips over, in a land where "they even steal from one another, and occasionally they steal from their government" . . . ?

A much clearer insight into present-day Israel appeared in *The New York Times* of May 5, in an article by Terrence Smith . . . [who] points out, through interviews with six long-time residents of Israel, now distinguished in various fields, their "*consensus*" that Israel "was faced by serious social inequality, communal tension and the consequences of galloping modernization. . . ."

One of those interviewed, Shlomo Avineri, now a professor of political science at Hebrew University, is quoted as saying: "I expected Israel to be much more of a social-democratic model than it is. . . . We are still more egalitarian than most Western states, but there has been a drift toward a more bourgeois society that I don't like. . . .

"We now have a new class of government-encouraged capitalists who are . . . accumulating wealth all out of proportion with the system."

Irving K. Rolling

EDITORIALS

Why They Did What They Did

The "Nixon Intellectuals," a small but talkative set, have had little to say about Watergate—perhaps because the most voluble member, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, is in New Delhi, while the senior member, Dr. Sidney Hook, recently joined the nest of hawks at the Hoover Library, Stanford. But Mr. Irving Kristol, Henry Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University, has given us the benefit of his views ("The Nightmare of Watergate," *The Wall Street Journal*, May 17). His students, Mr. Kristol tells us, have been "very gentle" with him; they have not twitted him about Watergate. The students are right; it would be unkind to twit Mr. Kristol just now when he is still in a state of shock. But his theory about Watergate invites comment. As he sees it, the participants did not know why they did what they did; Watergate was incomprehensible, irrational, devoid of meaning, quite unreal. It is an interesting viewpoint, with the single weakness that it ignores the facts.

Nixon's narrow win in 1968 prompted the decision to go all-out in the midterm elections of 1970. A preliminary barrage was directed against the media in the fall of 1969 and the "social issues" were heavily stressed, culminating in the President's bitter castigation of the opposition in the closing days of the campaign. As usual, Nixon overreached himself, thus setting the stage for an eloquent TV address by Senator Muskie. Not only did the Democrats register significant gains but by midspring 1971, Muskie was leading Nixon by a margin of nine points in the polls. So an emergency meeting was called at Key Biscayne and a strategy was planned for 1972. What followed was a typical Nixon-style, "destroy the opposition" campaign. Even then money was no problem: Herbert Kalmbach had squirreled away nearly $2 million in carry-over funds from the 1968 campaign, most of it in $100 bills kept in various bank vaults.

As early as 1969, the President, jumpy about the domestic political implications of so-called "national security" leaks, had ordered a number of phones of government officials and newsmen to be tapped. The concern then was with "infiltration" and "leaks." But by 1970 protests and demonstrations had become the dominant apprehension. So in June of that year, a conference of the intelligence agencies adopted a far-ranging plan, drawn up, we are told, by Tom Charles Huston, one-time chairman of Young Americans for Freedom. It included burglary, wiretapping, interception of mail, harassment of dissidents by tax officials, break-ins and close political surveillance of certain groups and individuals. The President approved the plan on July 23, 1970. A few days later it was vetoed by J. Edgar Hoover (although one former high-ranking FBI official is quoted as saying that the agency had been "doing burglaries for years"), but in December 1970, an Intelligence Evaluation Committee was set up which included representatives of the various federal intelligence agencies. This committee reported to Dean, who reported to Ehrlichman; some of its functions, apparently, were later trans-

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ferred to the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice. Then on June 13, 1971, the Pentagon Papers were published and a week later the President set up the secret unit known as "the plumbers," with Egil Krogh in charge and David Young, Jr., a former National Security Council aide, as coordinator. One of its first missions, staged with some assistance from the CIA, was the September 1971 break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

These interrelated intelligence activities were primarily concerned with domestic politics, more specifically with the President's campaign for re-election. The "leaks," which he cites in justification of his actions, did not jeopardize "national security," but they were most embarrassing politically. A parade of distinguished witnesses at the Ellsberg trial made nonsense of the proposition that publication of the Pentagon Papers had endangered national security. As a matter of fact, E. Howard Hunt suggests that the purpose of the break-in was to acquire evidence that might permit the Administration to drop the prosecution. He testified, for example, that there was "some concern in the White House about the appropriateness of seeing the prosecution actually take place with regard to Dr. Ellsberg and his associates, and I shared that concern, my own feeling being that he would probably become a martyr." With this in mind Krogh had told Hunt that it would be well if "some way could be found whereby a judgment call could be made on Ellsberg in regard to his prosecutability." Hence the interest in his medical history.

What the President has had to say about the demonstrations and protests of 1970 and 1971 is equally misleading. He had been assured by the CIA that overseas investigations had failed to disclose any ties between "foreign" governments and students, Panthers and other protesters. Intelligence reports indicated that peace demonstrations were largely "indigenous" and had begun to taper off by 1971. The fact is that the Administration, through paid informers and provocateurs, stimulated much of the violence and unrest which the President cites to justify his actions. Testimony in the Seattle, Harrisburg and Camden conspiracy trials indicates that the White House was more interested in stimulating breaches of the peace than in maintaining "law and order." What it sought was to isolate students, blacks, dissidents and anti-war protesters by charging them with acts of violence—some authentic, some carried out with the indispensable assistance of well-paid informers—which would, so it was hoped, rally Middle America to the Nixon cause. Watergate was an integral part of these plans; in fact it was carried out by essentially the same crew that engineered the Ellsberg break-in. As the Washington *Star* has noted, "Watergate was the end result of a chain of decisions that began much earlier."

Indeed the Administration thought it had to undertake a cover-up of Watergate precisely because it was part of the larger plan. The President told his aides that he did not want the Watergate investigation pressed to the point where it might involve "national security"—meaning Ellsberg and related matters. Five days after the Watergate break-in, Haldeman summoned Helms and Walters of the CIA to a conference. At first they were asked

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to dissuade the FBI from investigating the mysterious funds which had been "laundered" in Mexico. Later, it was suggested that the CIA accept responsibility for the break-in. The President knew of these conferences. On July 6, 1972, he was personally warned by L. Patrick Gray that his aides were trying to hamper the investigation. On two occasions the President sought to prevent material on the Ellsberg break-in from being sent to Judge Byrne in Los Angeles. He also directed Asst. Atty. Gen. Henry Petersen not to pursue the Watergate investigation into areas that might involve "national security." But attempts to separate Watergate from other aspects of the plan failed, largely because much of the same personnel were involved. Difficulties were also encountered when efforts were made to raise $450,000 in secret funds for the Watergate defendants. Some of those asked to contribute thought it odd that a secret fund was being raised after the April 7, 1972, deadline on campaign contributions had passed and began to leak information to the prosecution. All of these intelligence operations, including attempts to involve security agencies such as the FBI and the CIA in highly improper activities, were undertaken without legal or legislative warrant.

Much more evidence might be cited, and more will be forthcoming as the investigation proceeds. But enough is known to dispel the notion that the President and his aides did not know what they did. They had their reasons; there was a game plan. Watergate was not irrational or unreal or incomprehensible. It was stupid. It was criminal. It was subversive. It was vile. But the participants at all times knew why they did what they did and on whose orders they acted.

To Lust Is Human

The British press seems almost embarrassed that the recent scandal involving a brace of lecherous lords bulks much smaller than America's Watergate affair. In our view, the London journalists should be pleased that the comparison so greatly favors their native knaves. It is true, of course, that a Tory government must be chagrined by the need to acknowledge that Lord Lambton and Earl Jellicoe, men of exalted lineage, were reduced to buying sexual favors from call girls; the British aristocracy has ever been enterprising between the sheets, but in the past it has been able to arrange such pastimes without resort to rent-a-girl agencies. Lord Lambton, in particular, cuts a sorry figure from the disclosure that he was so inattentive as to allow his companion's husband/pimp to photograph him in an explicit and exploitable situation.

But that being said, the British get off lightly, by Watergate standards. In the first place, their erring officials were misled by the human weakness of lust instead of the inhuman one of power lust. And in the second place, Mr. Heath was in no way inhibited from demanding and accepting the resignations of the crestfallen lords. Mr. Nixon would be a happy man today if inappropriate sexual exuberance were all he had to cope with in his official family. But no one can accuse that malign crowd of careless fornication—worse luck.

Anger Down Under

Although you would scarcely gather the impression from the American press, Australia and New Zealand are in a state of fierce anger against the nuclear test projected by the French at Mururoa Atoll. Both countries protested directly to the Pompidou government and, when that proved unavailing, laid charges against France at the World Court. The ground for complaint is simple: when the French set off a bomb at Mururoa, every man, woman and child in Australia and New Zealand receives a dose of radiation (see "The Legality of H-Bomb Tests" by Emanuel Margolis; *The Nation,* December 31, 1955—that's more than seventeen years ago).

At the moment, New Zealand plans to send a frigate, manned by regular Navy personnel and carrying a cabinet minister, into the test waters; Australia has announced that it will dispatch a tender to supply the frigate. Private yachts are also being readied for the vigil in banned waters, and from Suva in the Fiji Islands comes word that ocean-going canoes are being prepared for the voyage of protest.

Australia will not confine its counterattack to symbolic actions. The Council of Trade Unions has announced that Australian labor will boycott French ships, aircraft and the handling of French exports. The ACTU has also taken its case to the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which promised complete support, and has called a meeting in Sydney of labor unions in countries fringing the Pacific from the Far East to Latin America, to consider coordinated action against the French.

A correspondent writes us that today the United States does not enjoy the high regard of Australians and New Zealanders. Watergate frightens them (they think our leaders must be mad), Cambodia disgusts them, defense agreements with South Africa kindle their suspicions of our racial policies. If our government and press could bring themselves to express some indignation at France's arrogant contempt for the welfare of Australia and New Zealand, that might reassure our very distant democratic allies that the United States is not totally absorbed in its own sordid and selfish affairs.

Magazine Postal Rates

The modern era in magazine publishing began in the late 19th century when consumer advertising, the adoption of the halftone process for printing illustrations, and a series of Congressional decisions to reduce the rates at which periodicals circulated through the mail combined to produce the first cheap mass-circulation magazines. Upstart entrepreneurs like S. S. McClure, Frank Munsey and Edward Bok, among others, issued *McClure's, Munsey's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* in the 1890s to compete with the older, established, more expensive monthlies (*Harper's, Scribner's, Century,* etc.).

Now television has captured much of the advertising which fattened the pages of modern magazines and became their chief financial support. And television has also seized for itself the visual excitement which magazines like *McClure's* in the 1890s, with its "Human Document"

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photo-portrait series, and *Life* after the 1930s with its photo-essays, could once claim was peculiar to their medium. But until recently magazine publishers were able to stave off dramatic postal rate increases which have threatened them from time to time. Then last July the Postal Rate Commission decided to boost the rates by 127 per cent, enough to destroy some magazines and to make all of them much more expensive to buy. If the Kennedy-Udall bills now before Congress (HR 16784 and S 4020) fail in their attempt to reverse the increase, then a major shift will have taken place in the way Congress has viewed the function of magazines in American culture over the last 100 years.

That view has been based on the assumption that periodicals, in their wonderful diversity, are among the chief carriers of knowledge and opinion, and that the government, in its desire to promote the education of the people, must cooperate with magazine publishers by keeping postal rates as low as possible. It was first set forth in the 1870s and 1880s during the debates in Congress which resulted in a general lowering of magazine rates.

The reduction began with a law of 1874 which set the rate for monthlies and quarterlies at 3¢ per pound and the rate for weeklies at 2¢. These were lower than previous rates, but the chief thrust of the law was its requirement that postage be prepaid by the publisher. Postmasters General had been pleading for prepayment since at least 1869, on the ground that under the subscriber collection system the government was losing annually two-thirds of its rightful revenue.

Five years later, with the prepayment system working well, Congress reduced the monthly rate to 2¢ per pound, thereby eliminating the discrimination between monthlies and weeklies. In 1885, the rate dropped again to a low of 1¢ per pound.

By that year, Congressmen seemed to be competing with one another to give the most florid speech on the subject of popular education and the Post Office. Hernando D. Money (D., Miss.) took close to top honors for an argument which promised national unity, material progress and higher popular intelligence as only part of the benefits the nation would enjoy from legislating a minimal postal rate for magazines. "I would have the diffusion of these means of education as free as the winds of heaven, without cost and without price, without limit or restriction." The penny rate was as close as his colleagues came to the free winds of heaven, but it was enough to encourage the spread of mass-circulation magazines.

Postmasters General soon became disenchanted with the public education principle, however, and by 1910, their protests that the government was carrying second-class matter at a loss reached some sympathetic ears in Congress. One problem with the argument that periodicals served an educational purpose was that by the turn of the century leading magazines often carried more pages of advertising than of editorial matter. Critics of low postal rates charged that the government was being invited to support not education but advertising. Large publishers replied that both advertising *and* relatively low postal rates were necessary to their magazines' survival, and publishers of small magazines which appealed to special readerships protested that since they carried little advertising they would be especially hard hit by major rate increases. Both claimed that Post Office accounting methods exaggerated the cost of carrying periodicals. The result of such pulling and tugging was a series of moderate rate increases over the next several years.

The current proposal for a 127 per cent hike is hardly moderate, and if it goes unchallenged Congress will have entirely abandoned an earlier recognition of the unique function which magazines have performed in American culture for nearly a century. And a change in the Congressional attitude will eliminate much of the scope and diversity of American magazines. ROBERT STINSON

Is This the Bottom?

Richard Nixon has always been a problem to forecasters—they can never be sure when, in terms of taste, manners and general decency, he has hit bottom, and those who have watched him over the years have been repeatedly fooled. But the POW spectacular would seem to mark an all-time low. Mr. Nixon badly needed a diversion. The 4,000-word legal defense which he had issued had fallen flat. *Time* (June 4) felt that the President's latest defense—national security—had been carried to illogical lengths. Even Nixon's former speechwriter couldn't quite swallow it. The statement, William Safire complained (*The New York Times*), portrayed a U.S. President acting as an "angry spymaster," and raised a troubling question: "At what point does the defense of our system corrupt our system?"

Obviously some new gimmick had to be tried and what better than a ceremony honoring the POWs? The POWs, or most of them, were willing to be used, and so it was arranged. All of May 24 was dedicated to the greatest Presidential gala in history. Some 610 former prisoners—joined by wives and girl friends, plus a few daughters, sisters and mothers—drank, ate, cheered and were entertained by John Wayne (widely regarded as America's foremost military hero, although he has worn only movie uniforms), Bob Hope, Paul Keyes, Sammy Davis, Jr., Jimmy Stewart (a new major general now) and other beautiful people of show biz, including Irving Berlin, 88, who sang his *God Bless America*, with the President providing close harmony. All expenses were paid by the Defense Department, and each prisoner had been given a $500 allowance for a new wardrobe. The POWs presented Mr. Nixon with a plaque inscribed to "Our Leader, Our Comrade, Richard the Lion-Hearted." For a few brief hours, Watergate was forgotten.

Even as a rearguard action, however, the affair was not a complete success. Ninety ex-POWs did not attend, some perhaps because they did not like the auspices. One POW, in mufti, remained seated during the standing ovations and did not come up to shake the President's hand. The Secret Service agents learned he was George Smith, a former Green Beret staff sergeant. He had been captured near Saigon and imprisoned for two years. "I respect the office of the Presidency," he explained casually, "but I don't support or like this President's policies. That's all there is to it."

The Republican leadership in the Congress is as ready

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to use the POWs as is the President. Five days after the great extravaganza, in the debate on cutting off funds for the air war in Cambodia, Sen. Hugh Scott read telegrams which he said came from returned prisoners of war, urging that the United States continue its efforts to secure fulfillment of the Indochinese peace agreement, presumably by continued bombing. Senator Scott then glanced over at the Democrats and said softly: "Have you Senators heard from your POWs lately?" Senator Fulbright, it happens, has been hearing from pilots now bombing Cambodia; they have appealed to him to get them out of their distasteful assignment before they too become prisoners of war. And perhaps the Democrats have been hearing from the GIs who have returned, including the crippled, the wounded, the unemployed, and the drug-addicted; and perhaps too they have been hearing from the parents of those who died in Vietnam. Those categories far outnumber the POWs.

ANTI-WAR IS NOT ENOUGH

Prospects for a Peace Movement

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

There was no peace movement in the 1960s and early 1970s. There was an anti-war movement and that is something quite different. It is now possible that the unconscionable American involvement in Cambodia can be brought to an end. Richard Nixon still argues that he has the constitutional right to bomb that hapless country at will, but there seems to be growing sentiment in Congress —particularly in the previously hawkish House—to challenge that arrogant and murderous claim. As long as that is the issue, however, one is still in the era of the anti-war movement. What I want to pose in this article is the longer-range question: After Vietnam is really over, is there a prospect for a peace movement in this country?

The distinction between an anti-war and a peace movement should be obvious from the terms themselves, but let me nevertheless make it more explicit. The anti-war movement developed in response to an American commitment which a peace movement should have kept the nation from making in the first place. The anti-war movement could, and did in its last stages, involve disgruntled hawks as well as doves, and it tapped a deep trend of exhaustion and disillusionment as well as more generous and idealistic emotions. It was therefore wrong to say, as some activists did, that the people were "with us." By the end of the 1960s a majority of this society certainly wanted out of the Indochinese horror, but that is a long way from saying that they were "with us."

A peace movement, as I use the phrase here, would not be a reaction to an existing tragedy, an episodic mobilization of opposition to bloody policies already in effect. It would be an ongoing effort to influence American politics so that Vietnams would not happen in the first place. It would therefore have to develop alternatives to the official line in a rather undramatic, peacetime context.

It is obvious that the United States needs such a movement. Is there any possibility that it can be built? And if so, what would be its political basis?

Michael Harrington is professor of political science, Queens College.

First of all, it is necessary to understand that the "radical," neo-Leninist critique of American foreign policy is not only inaccurate but an argument for a militant-sounding passivity. In that version of our troubles, the internal contradictions of American capitalism—specifically its tendency to generate surpluses which cannot profitably be invested within this society, but which nevertheless must be disposed of if a depression is to be avoided—drive it to expand in the Third World. This brings it in conflict with other capitalist powers, which have the same drive, and with the Communist and national liberation movements which oppose imperialism. Thus conflict is structured into the very nature of the world market.

Two brief comments are in order about this theory. To begin with, since World War II, American investment has been less and less in the Third World and more and more in Europe and Canada. In 1950, the U.S. Tariff Commission reported last February, there was more direct American investment in Latin America ($4.4 billion) than in Europe ($1.7 billion) or in Canada ($3.6 billion). In 1970, the American stake in Canada, Europe and other developed areas was more than $53 billion, compared to $14.7 billion in Latin America or a total of $24.9 billion in all of the developing nations. During the last twenty or so years, in short, the Leninist theory has been contradicted by the massive growth of intra-capitalist investment and the relative decline in economic importance of the poor nations on the world market.

Second, and more to the point of this analysis, the neo-Leninist approach leads to a quietism. For if America is inevitably fated to act imperialistically as long as it is capitalist, and if there is no imminent prospect of America ceasing to be capitalist, then a "radical" analysis proves that there is not much point to doing anything. One can turn to terrorism as a fifth column of the Third World revolution (which is what the Weatherman people tragically did) or be content with proving political *machismo* by incanting the Leninist formulas and doing nothing.

If, however, one thinks that it is not only necessary, but possible, to build a peace movement in America, then a critique of Leninist fatalism is essential. Specifically, such a movement must assert that it is possible for the United States to act democratically and peacefully within the world, under the auspices of a principled liberal ad-

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ministration that would make serious inroads upon, but not radically transform, the corporate power structure at the heart of the American system. I think that such a proposition is true—and I am certain that it is the only possible basis for a realistic peace movement in the foreseeable future. In all of this I assume that it is understood that my predicting that a Socialist reordering of American society is not imminent does not mean that I am happy with the trend. I want to push for basic anti-capitalist change as fast as possible; but I do not want to delude myself, or help a potential peace movement delude itself, about the immediate prospects for a transformation that I most devoutly wish.

If, however, there is a realistic, objective possibility for a peace movement within the framework of American society as it is likely to remain during the next period, it is still no easy matter to make that potential real. One difficulty which we face—and I analyze it carefully since it bears on strategy—is that domestic issues are normally the main determinants of political behavior.

There are, to be sure, exceptions to that rule. In the case of military defeat, the question of war and peace can become an issue in its own right, as it did in the Russia of 1917 or, in a much different context, in the America of the late 1960s and early 1970s. One could also point to Willy Brandt's tremendous victory of last fall as a case which deviates from my general proposition. Brandt had not been particularly successful in carrying out his domestic program, and his government was menaced by inflation. Yet the popularity of his *Ostpolitik* —and the extraordinary charisma of the man himself— provided the basis for a great electoral triumph.

Still, in "normal" times, employment, wages, prices and similar issues are primary for the voters. And since we are talking about the possibility of a peace movement in just such a period—a movement which would prevent war rather than oppose it once it had begun—one must work to find a way to relate those basic concerns of the mass of people to the question of peace. That means that domestic policies are critical to the peace movement. For only a movement which has won public confidence on bread-and-butter problems will be able to reach a mass audience with regard to the infinitely more complex, distant and seemingly mysterious areas of disarmament, the economic development of the Third World, the creation of a new global system, and so on.

This obviously does not mean that the peace movement should completely submerge itself in domestic politics, that it should abandon its distinctive role of exploring, and educating about, nonviolent solutions to international conflicts. It does mean that in carrying out that special mission the movement should always be looking for links between the problems of individual economic and social survival and the whole sphere of foreign policy. An anecdote might illuminate my point. In the late 1950s, when SANE emerged as the center of the great campaign against nuclear testing, an untried recruit went out on a leafletting expedition. A friend of mine, who was worried that this novice would not be sophisticated enough to cope with public hostility, stuck close to him. Some-

Chambers; Halifax Herald (Canada)

one took a leaflet and launched into an attack on the Communists who were pushing such ideas. The newcomer asked, "Do you like tuna?" His critic admitted that he did. "Well these nuclear tests are poisoning the tuna and that's one reason we're against them."

What is the political equivalent of "poisoned tuna" today—the issue which will dramatically relate the immediate concerns of working people to the issue of war and peace? In part, the answer is that there is none, and that suggests the magnitude of our task. Nuclear testing was a single issue, one which lent itself to agitational statement in terms of strontium 90 in children's milk or radioactive fish on a Japanese boat. There is no transparent, easily understood symbol for an alternative to Nixon's policy (or, for that matter, to the Kennedy-Johnson axioms which dominate the discussion of defense in a work of liberal scholarship like the Brookings Institution analysis of the 1973 budget). But there may be a question considerably more complicated than poisoned tuna which does unite domestic and international politics. I mean the multinational corporation.

The country is clearly becoming aware of the fact that the absolute American hegemony over the capitalist world market which was the rule from 1945 to 1960 (and which we continued to assume was the case until at least 1967) is over. The Common Market and Japan have become more than competitive in a number of areas, and that has had important domestic repercussions. As foreign companies—and American companies which invest abroad in order to tap cheap labor and then sell in the domestic market—make major inroads upon the American share of automobiles, clothes, hi-fi sets and the like, working men and women and their unions have, perforce, become concerned about the international economy.

For most unions, the initial response has been protectionist. The Hartke-Burke bill, which would fix a certain percentage of the American market for American firms producing in this country, has its passionate advocates in the labor movement. There is not, to be sure,

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unanimity; the United Auto Workers, a union which has been affected by foreign competition, is still trying to develop a positive, nonprotectionist policy. And the AFL-CIO representative to the International Labor Organization has made some significant moves against the multinationals. Still, *in the absence of a viable* alternative, it is hard to see what the Ladies' Garment Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Electrical Workers (IEU) can do except demand a protected quota for the goods produced by their members.

Therefore, I argue, the peace movement should be particularly concerned about creating that viable alternative. It links domestic and international politics, for the struggle is joined against corporations based in the United States but operating on a global scale—(two-thirds of the multinationals are American owned). Moreover, if the American unions are forced by an unresponsive nation into protectionism, that has the effect of pitting the living standard of the American worker against that of the worker in the Common Market, Japan, and, perhaps most important of all, in the Third World. That, in turn, means that the struggle against an impoverishing backwardness in Asia, Africa and Latin America will become all the more desperate, a situation guaranteed to intensify the kind of instabilities which are so dangerous to world peace.

The UAW and, to a lesser but still encouraging extent, the AFL-CIO, propose an international corporations law. They want to have some minimum standards imposed, worldwide, which would stop the planetary companies from speculating on poverty—some of England's most prestigious and righteous firms have recently been charged with profiteering from South African *apartheid*—and would curb some of the practices which allow them to evade taxes, social responsibility, and to ally with rightists and dictators. In addition, the UAW has argued that the United States should emulate a Swedish law which requires that any investor who is going to get government guarantees of his overseas outlays must prove first that his action will not hurt Swedish workers and, second, that his money will not be spent in a racist, anti-union or gouging fashion abroad.

The core idea behind all of these proposals is to tie in, rather than counterpose, the interests of American, European, Japanese and Third World workers. In this perspective, it is in the interest of factory hands in this country to strive to raise wages in South Korea, Taiwan and Latin America. Developing this strategy will encourage international labor contacts through the various trade secretariats of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU). This winter in Brussels, the European Trade Union Confederation (ETUC) was established at a meeting attended by the ICFTU's affiliates in the Common Market. Vic Feather, of the British Trade Union Congress (which, unlike the Labour Party, is not boycotting European institutions), made it clear that membership in the ETUC will eventually be open to both Catholic and Communist unions, that latter point being a major development in the cold-war détente within the labor movement.

There is, in short, reason to be hopeful about a new kind of working-class internationalism, born out of the necessities of struggle against the multinationals. After more than a century of failure in this area, it would be foolish to read these portents as sure signs that the workers of the world are uniting. They do, however, indicate that there is more of a practical need for labor concern with international issues than at any time in recent decades. That could result in protectionism; it might also provide the basis for a new internationalism. This last possibility should obviously be of central concern to the peace movement.

However, let me immediately throw some cold water on what I have just said. Suppose that the peace movement succeeds beyond its dreams and that the internationalist tendencies within the world labor movement triumph beyond anyone's present expectations. Then there would be a harmonious relationship between the workers of the rich and poor nations, because they would have defined a common interest. Even if all of that were to come to pass—and I am being audaciously optimistic in speculating that it might—there would be no guarantee of peace. The old illusion, shared by some corporate free-trade advocates and some sections of the Left, that equity in trade on the world market would guarantee peace is an illusion. The causes of war are more complex than a simple economic determinism suggests, and therefore even my most hopeful scenario does not assure peace.

But even so, this area of work opens up the possibility of an important first step for the peace movement. Nixon has a grand design (which he clearly developed in cooperation with, and perhaps under the tutelage of, Henry Kissinger). The United States is going to lower its profile in the world and yet work to construct a five-power balance. The United States, the Common Market, Japan, the Soviet Union and China will agree to disagree amicably and to settle conflicts through arbitration. This means that the non-Chinese Third World will be excluded from the decision-making process and that a Metternichian concert of great nations will conspire out of self-interest to create an international order.

If the peace movement is serious—if it is a peace movement as I defined it earlier, and not just an anti-war movement—it must offer some alternative to this proposal. I do not for a moment suggest that I, or anyone on the Left, has a simple or available answer. I do insist that working on one has to be a major priority of a revitalized peace movement. For it is obvious that the Nixon scenario is based on more than a little wishful thinking. In his statement on Europe, for instance, Henry Kissinger accurately summarized all of the very real tensions that exist between the Old World and the New, and then said that the two sides *should* somehow settle their differences. But what is the material and economic basis of that ethical imperative? Kissinger did not spell it out, because he could not. With Washington, i.e., the Nixon Administration, in a neo-mercantilist mood, publicly demanding that someone else take over its balance-of-payments deficit, how is it going to persuade the trading partners whom it nominates to become its debtors rather than its creditors that they should cooperate in the subversion of their own interest?

But if it is relatively easy to expose the weakness of the Nixon-Kissinger line, it is quite difficult to formulate

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an alternative. One reason for that, paradoxically, is that the present situation is so caught up in radical possibilities. If there are some tentative moves toward labor internationalism, there are established and profound tendencies toward capitalist internationalism. Technology has literally burst the bounds of the nation state, as the members of the Common Market or the denizens of the international money market (which is only about twenty years old) can testify. Therefore what is required ultimately for the solution of these antagonisms is structural change in the very organization of world power: not only the growth of international institutions but of Socialist, or at least social, international institutions.

That is not going to happen tomorrow. Therefore even in defining this necessity one has to search for intermediate solutions which will promote the final goal but are also attainable within the rather miserable constraints of the present. And at least one strand of a solution can be stipulated. If America had a genuine full-employment policy—one which guaranteed every worker a decent job—then the greatest single incitement toward labor protectionism would be removed in the best possible way. There are many reasons to struggle for that full-employment policy: it is good in and of itself; it provides the only context in which economic racism and sexism can be combated, etc. But the peace movement has the opportunity to stress its own special reasons for championing full employment: that it opens up the possibility of American union policies which coordinate with the labor movement of the globe and which unite, rather than divide, the workers of the various countries.

I suspect that I have mainly demonstrated how incredibly difficult it is going to be to build a peace movement. Yet I see no alternative to accepting the challenge. And I think that the crucial step forward is for peace activists to define and develop those domestic issues which are also international, to elucidate the immediate economic stake which American working men and women have in a more just earth. That is frightfully hard and utterly imperative. □

UNSAFE AT ANY WIDTH

THE TRANS-ALASKA PIPELINE

ROBERT SHERRILL

A line of frontier terrain 92 feet wide and nearly 800 miles long stands between the United States and what could be its biggest ecological blunder. This strip of land is what the oil companies, eager to exploit the remote Alaskan oil fields, do *not* have and it is what the courts have ruled they must have (in addition to the 54 feet of right of way already under their control) if they are to build their pipeline from Prudhoe Bay, on the Arctic Ocean, to the port of Valdez, on the Gulf of Alaska. At peak production, 2 million barrels of oil would pass through the pipeline each day, to be picked up at Valdez by tankers and taken to market on the U.S. West Coast. (At least that's where the oil companies say they will market it, but there's reason to think they may be lying.)

The pipeline would be the largest private construction project ever undertaken, but well worth it to the companies which have already sunk $5 billion into their Alaskan ambitions; for the oil at the source of the line —the three enormous pools in the Prudhoe Bay area, an underground petroleum ocean as large as Massachusetts—is thought to be the largest such discovery on this continent. Conservative estimates put it at 10 billion barrels; moderately optimistic estimates increase that to 40 billion barrels. Even at the lowest estimate, it would be 25 per cent of the proved reserves of oil within the fifty states.

If one looked at it merely as a big bowl of energy sitting there ready to help feed an energy-hungry nation, there would be no reason to debate the method or route for bringing it out. But the geography of this oil is very special.

The pipeline would cross the entire state, north to south, and would roughly parallel the border between Alaska and Canada. By splitting Alaska according to the oil companies' plan, the pipeline would for all practical purposes stake out America's forty-ninth state as the private domain of the companies and would also be the first giant step toward destroying the last authentic wilderness available to those living under the U.S. flag. Only about a tenth of U.S. lands are still in a wilderness condition, and virtually all of this wilderness is in Alaska—more priceless in a sense than the oil itself; once it is gone, it will be gone forever, whereas the oil is only another form of expendable energy, which in any case must eventually be supplanted by nuclear or other fuels. Moreover, the wilderness is still in public hands, most of it owned by the federal government and the rest by the state of Alaska, and its future is still fortunately protectable by the pressures of public opinion. So the debate over how the oil should be handled is not a futile debate at all.

At the moment, the oil companies are being held at bay by an old, mildewed law, the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920, which the companies had assumed was defunct because they had successfully violated it many times in the past, and by the almost miraculously successful court battle waged by The Wilderness Society, Friends of the Earth and the Environmental Defense Fund.

If it had not been for these groups, the oilmen would have carried away Alaska four years ago. The cocky petroleum moguls were so certain that they had the whole deal sewed up that they bought $100 million

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worth of pipe from Japan (probably through barter for future oil delivery) and laid out the pipe along several portions of the chosen route—a bit of arrogance that is reportedly costing them $5 million a month just to fight the rust. They had good reason to be confident—the Nixon crowd was eager to turn over the oil-rich wilderness to them. But unfortunately for their plans, the great environmentalist movement of the 1960s had culminated in the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, which requires the federal government to justify the exploitation of federal lands with an "environmental impact" statement showing that a project balances out on the side of public good. Court battles built around the NEP Act destroyed the oil companies' timetable.

Ultimately, they will probably win; big corporations habitually win consumer encounters. During this lull in the fighting, however, we do well to review what has been done to us thus far and what is being prepared.

The discovery leases to the Prudhoe Bay oil fields were granted by Interior Secretary Stewart Udall in June 1964—well timed, if such was the intent, for a *quid pro quo* for oil company contributions to Lyndon Johnson's campaign that year. Udall often talks as though he were on the side of the environmentalists; he has not always acted that way. He is the fellow who also granted the Santa Barbara offshore oil leases and in 1965, with only an obscure notice in the *Federal Register* to warn the public, opened part of the Arctic Wildlife Range to the mauling of oil explorers.

The search for oil on the North Slope (the northern slope of the Brooks mountain range at the top of Alaska) had been going on without much luck for two decades, mostly conducted at taxpayers' expense by federal geologists. Despite this record, oilmen were certain that a rich field awaited the lucky driller.

If one were of a suspicious frame of mind, one might even suspect that the government knew where the oil was to be found, for when the first productive leases were granted they went to companies which have had an unusual amount of good luck in their dealings with the government in recent years: Atlantic Richfield Co. (ARCO), Humble (a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey) and British Petroleum (B.P.).

Atlantic Richfield and British Petroleum are the kingpins of the Prudhoe Bay adventure. In January 1967 the discovery well came in for ARCO. The previous year, ARCO had been created without a particle of trouble, even though a number of antitrust principles seem to have been violated in the merger of the Atlantic Refining Co., one of the largest distributors in the East, with Richfield Oil Co., one of the largest distributors on the West Coast. This merger, creating a company with combined assets of $1.4 billion, was the largest on record, and to say that it suppressed competition is putting it mildly—but the Justice Department did no more than grump a bit. Moreover, in 1969 Atlantic Richfield gobbled up Sinclair, worth $1.81 billion, and once again the Justice Department did nothing, except force Atlantic Richfield to divest itself of $400 million worth of Sinclair's retail distributorships—that is, ARCO had to sell most of Sinclair's 10,500 filling stations in the Midwest and the East. (The year before this merging was granted, a Sinclair executive worked as an advance man for the Nixon-Agnew campaign while still on the company's payroll—a violation of the Corrupt Practices Act.) And guess who bought the stations—British Petroleum, which by 1969 was ARCO's partner in the Alaskan venture.

One reason why ARCO had plenty of money to bid on the Alaskan leases was that the company had been receiving some striking favors from the Internal Revenue Service. From 1962 to 1968, ARCO earned a net income of $797 million but paid not one penny in income tax.

Of course, it's possible that the IRS thought Atlantic Richfield was a government agency, there's been so much interplay between ARCO and the bureaucracy. ARCO has subsidized some of the films circulated to the public as "government" films by the Interior Department's Bureau of Mines. And when Hollis Dole quit as Assistant Secretary for Mineral Resources at the Department of the Interior a few weeks ago, it was natural that he headed straight for a top management post with Atlantic Richfield.

As for British Petroleum, it parlayed its holdings in Alaska into fulfilling a long-time dream. For twelve years B.P. had wanted to penetrate the United States market, but it had consistently failed to find a crack to slip through. It was handicapped, for one thing, by British restrictions on taking much money out of the country. With its oil discovery in Alaska, however, B.P. was in a position to strike. By cleverly bartering oil from future production in Alaska, B.P. was able not only to swing the purchase of the Sinclair service stations from ARCO but also bought Standard Oil of Ohio (the first company founded in the Rockefeller oil empire), thus giving B.P. nearly 4 per cent of the U.S. market. For emphasis let me state again what happened: B.P. took *our* oil—oil lying under federal lands and belonging to the U.S. citizenry—and used it to buy a major slice of the U.S. market. That's a neat trick.

The move also tightens the ties of the international oil giants. Standard of Ohio gives B.P. an excellent marketing and refining operation in this country; B.P. gives Sohio one of the world's great supplies of crude oil to draw on. Even without being able to tap its new Alaskan possessions B.P. regularly produces more crude oil than any other company. For years B.P. has been a major partner with U.S. oil firms in the exploitation of the Mideast and African fields and has accounted for its share of violence. As one industry spectator put it, "On account of British Petroleum's whining, Anthony Eden initiated the Suez War. On account of British Petroleum, the Ibos decided to secede from Nigeria and fight to the death for honor and oil revenues." It may not be fair to lay so much of the blame for these flare-ups at British Petroleum's door, but the firm's adventurous nature has been well proved over the years. With B.P. and one wing of the Standard Oil empire in open partnership with this country, anything can happen—as future developments in Alaska are likely to show.

In 1969, in a lease auction that brought Alaska nearly a billion dollars—$900,220,590 to be exact, which was

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nearly 50 per cent more than had ever been obtained via an oil lease auction before—four other companies joined the consortium: Mobil, Phillips, Union and Amerada Hess. These, along with the original three leaseholders (who controlled more than 80 per cent of the leased land), called themselves the Alyeska Pipeline Service Co.

Actually the big three (ARCO, B.P. and Humble) had preferred their old alliance, known as the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System (TAPS), for TAPS had no formal corporate structure at all and therefore was almost immune from government regulation. Its friend, then Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel, complained that "by the time all the principals could be telephoned in Texas, New York, California and London, it could take weeks just to get an agreement on what color to paint the toilets in the construction camps." ARCO, B.P. and Humble loved that anarchistic freedom, but to let their allies in the Interior Department save face, they agreed to enter into the formal corporate arrangement with the other four companies under the Alyeska Pipeline Service Co. umbrella.

With only seven companies involved in the biggest pool of oil on the continent, and with only three companies dominating the pool, the concentration of ownership was obviously so intense that the staff of the Justice Department's antitrust division recommended that Alyeska be investigated to see if its control of the proposed pipeline violated federal laws. That was in 1971 and John Mitchell, who was still Attorney General at the time, overruled the recommendation for an investigation. His veto memo read in part: "In view of what's going on this is not the time." Among the things going on at that time was the gathering together of the largest political slush fund in history—with a major share of it coming from the oil companies.

But of course the oil companies had not waited until the 1972 campaign opened to buy favor. There had also been 1968, an election during which the Yankee sheiks contributed more money to Nixon's campaign than had ever before been contributed to a Presidential election by any one industry. Robert Orville Anderson, chairman of the board of Atlantic Richfield, is alleged to have given more than $100,000 to Nixon that year, his reasons being so obvious that they were even mentioned in such places as Lloyd Shearer's *Parade* magazine column (January 26, 1969)—Anderson being identified as "the kingmaker who influenced Nixon to choose Hickel instead of Gov. Tim Babcock of Montana as his Secretary of Interior. Hickel proved most cooperative when Atlantic Richfield made a fabulous oil strike in Alaska."

Indeed he did. Before coming to Washington, Hickel was governor of Alaska, and he was so eager to help the oil companies open up the North Slope that he had built a highway from Fairbanks to the Arctic Ocean, a distance of about 400 miles, so that trucks could carry equipment to the drilling site. (Up to then, all equipment was flown in.) The highway was a budgetary, engineering and ecological disaster. It was supposed to cost $125,000 but ran to $1 million; it was so poorly constructed that after the first winter it resembled a drainage ditch more than a road, and was impassable. Ecologically, because of the destruction it caused to the tender frozen soil of that region, it was what one University of Alaska professor called "the biggest screw-up in the history of mankind in the Arctic." George Marshall has written of the Hickel Highway that it was "the first violent change, the first major intrusion of the modern industrial world" into the last great wilderness in North America, and all the more shocking because "the great Range [Brooks Range] had been split and its unity with past ages destroyed—destroyed without a public decision, destroyed without the knowledge of most Americans."

Once in the Interior Department, the unrepentant Hickel was ready to try again to build roads or pipelines or anything else that the oil companies wanted. Only three days after the Interior Department published a scientist's warning that burying the 48-inch pipeline carrying oil at 140 degrees would create serious problems by thawing frozen ground along its route and causing the pipeline to buckle and rupture, Hickel met with oil company officials and assured them that such criticisms would not interfere and "the pipeline will be built." Publicly he conceded that he and oil officials had reached a "full understanding" that the Interior Department would not stand in their way. Pressure to build the pipeline was coming also from the Department of Commerce, where Maurice Stans was then Secretary. He, too, overruled environmental scientists in his department. Stans's pro-oil position paid off royally when he later became chief fund raiser for Nixon's 1972 campaign.

Even though then Under Secretary of the Interior Russell E. Train admitted that government officials did not know the answers to all the environmental problems raised by the proposed pipeline, he said, in October 1969, that he was recommending that Hickel go ahead and approve the construction permit. As Hickel later admitted in his book, *Who Owns America?*, the oil companies at that time had made no environmental safety plans at all and didn't care to make any. That didn't seem to bother either Hickel or Train. Later Nixon would make Train head of his Environmental Council, a responsibility that did not change Train's opinion that building the pipeline was a swell idea.

Other pressures to build the line came from Alaska officials, whose greed for money had become extravagant after they got the $900 million lease money in 1969. For a state whose entire budget came to only $154 million that same year, it was heady stuff, promising all sorts of delicious rake-offs and fringe benefits. And Alaska still controlled 800,000 acres which it could lease, pocketing 12.5 cents of every net dollar earned. As former Gov. Keith Miller shouted with joy on the evening of the great leasing, "Tomorrow we will reach out to claim our birthright! We will rendezvous with our dreams!" As far as most Alaska officials were concerned, the oil companies could come in and drill every square yard of the state. Right now, *Now!* Every day of delay was costing plenty in royalties. It was also costing the state in another way: the royalties would come from net profits, and the delay in building the pipeline had raised the probable cost of the line by several billion

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dollars. This would have to be paid off before Alaska got another penny.

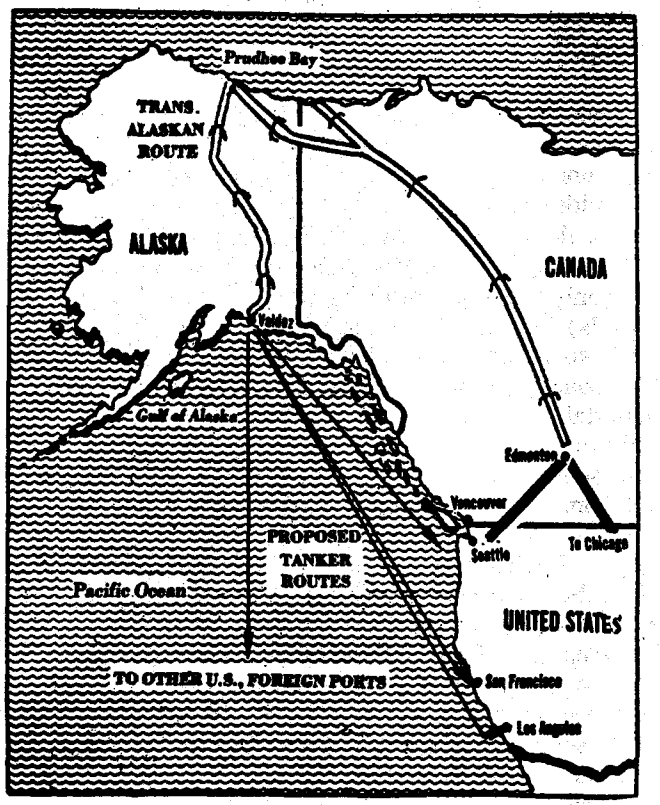
As the cost of waiting mounted, Alaska politicians got a bit hysterical and began writing all sorts of laws—which the oil companies have challenged in court—to guarantee that they would get at least a few hundred million dollars income every year—a modest sum, argued Gov. William A. Egan, that would in no way "diminish the opportunity for industry to make huge, huge profits, a billion dollars a year." In a sensible but rather pathetic moment, Governor Egan warned Alaskans that "we must still be mindful that the primary obligation of the companies involved is to the stockholders and board rooms in New York, Los Angeles and Houston. The sheer size of the enterprise in Alaska demands effective public control or we will have an economic state, larger and more powerful than the political state which contains it." That was a classic case of whistling in the dark. Alaskans not only "will have" but indeed do have, and have had from the moment the North Slope leases were let, an economic giant sitting in their political pygmy lap.

The political and corporate allies had begun to fight among themselves because the conservationists were making them nervous, even frightened. Despite the friendliest possible cooperation from the Nixon Administration, things were not going smoothly for Alyeska Pipeline. The oil consortium had supposed that it would get such quick approval from the Interior Department that it would be in operation by 1972, but the oilmen had reckoned without the opposition of environmentalist groups who filed a lawsuit in 1970 and stopped the project dead in its frozen tracks.

Would the Alyeska companies pollute their domain as hideously as had the oil explorers at Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4, just to the east of Prudhoe Bay?—a pollution still marked a quarter century later by disintegrating Quonset dormitories, squalid recreation shacks, rusting bulldozers, broken mobile cranes and hundreds of rusting oil drums: a vast garbage dump, laced together by miles of ruts through the tundra that will never heal. As a final insult, the federal workers who plundered that field had even left dirty plates sitting on their mess-hall tables. There was no reason to think Prudhoe Bay oilmen would act any differently, for, as one confessed to *New York Times* writer Steven Roberts, "We like to think we're socially responsible, but in the long run our aim is to make money." Would there be endless leaks from the pipe? Would the forty-one-ship tanker fleet planned by the Alyeska consortium spill so much oil into the waters between the port of Valdez and Puget Sound as to ruin the annual $58 million fishing industry?

Under the National Environmental Policy Act, the Interior Department is required to answer such questions. In April 1970, responding to the environmentalists' lawsuits, U.S. District Court Judge George L. Hart, Jr., issued an injunction stopping construction of the pipeline until Interior came up with some answers.

Thereupon Interior threw together an environmental impact statement that was only 200 pages long and so ridiculously superficial that, under a barrage of hoots and jeers and catcalls from press and Congress, it was



Joseph Mastrangelo; The Washington Post

withdrawn and Interior settled down to a different form of attack: overkill. On March 20, 1972, a new statement was launched, this one running to 3,500 pages.

No sooner was it off press than Judge Hart, exhausted and drained of juices by being squeezed in the industry versus environmentalist vise ("I'm dead tired," he announced), ruled that this satisfied him and lifted his two-year-old ban on construction. Rogers Morton, who had succeeded Hickel at Interior, also announced his complete satisfaction, and said that he would issue a permit for building the pipeline as soon as he legally could.

Again, environmentalists fought back. Why not, they asked, hold public hearings on the question? Because, said Morton, public hearings would only add a "circus" atmosphere to the decision-making. However, though a public hearing was banned, Morton did give the public forty-five days to read, digest and submit written replies to Interior's 3,500-page environmental impact statement. For anyone coming cold to the debate, that would have been too brief a time in which to prepare rebuttal (made all the more difficult by Interior's "running out," so they said, of the statement and not getting a new supply for a couple of weeks), but for The Wilderness Society, Friends of the Earth and Environmental Defense Fund—which had kept right on top of the situation all along—it was plenty of time. They pulled together a counter argument running to 1,300 pages. Their rebuttal contained no mincing tea-party complaints but was heavy with scientific assessments.

Altogether seventy-five experts, whose opinions could be ignored only by willingly ignorant bureaucrats, trooped forward to assist them—men like Dr. Harry Brandt, chairman of the University of California (Davis)

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Department of Mechanical Engineering, who pointed out the questionable quality of the pipe; and Dr. Donald H. Gray, assistant professor of civil engineering at the University of Michigan, who accused the Interior Department and the Alyeska consortium of doing sloppy and unconvincing research into the effect of potential landslides on the pipeline.

It's doubtful that Morton and his Interior gang gave this rebuttal the slightest attention, however, for on May 11 (only four days after his deadline for the filing of rebuttals) Morton announced that he had made up his mind and would give a go-ahead to the pipeline as soon as the courts got off his back. He didn't try to rebut the rebuttal; he simply ignored it, and Stewart Brandborg, executive director of The Wilderness Society, was hardly out of line when he concluded that Morton's "invitation for comments was a mere charade."

Indeed, the charade had been proved long before the rebuttal was submitted; it was proved at the moment when the Interior Department's own impact statement was released, for that contained even stronger evidence against the proposed trans-Alaska pipeline. Everywhere in these six volumes are chilling warnings. The mixture goes something like this (direct quotes are from Interior's own documents):

Every year Alaska has more than 1,000 earthquakes; most of these are slight, but the pipeline would cross three faults where two dozen significant earthquakes have been recorded in this century. "Any point along the southern two-thirds of the proposed pipeline route could be subjected to an earthquake of magnitude greater than 7.0 on the Richter scale . . ." and in some areas earthquakes of up to 8.5 magnitude should be anticipated. (The Alaskan earthquake of 1964, which cost $500 million in damage and caused a tidal wave that wiped out the old town of Valdez, had a magnitude of 8.5. The energy released by that earthquake was twice as great as the San Francisco quake of 1906.)

Aside from quakes, much of the ground along the pipeline route is highly unstable. Landslides could be commonplace, and they would cause pipeline leaks and ruptures. "In the event of a pipeline rupture, 14,000 barrels of oil could leak out during the time required for pump station shutdown and valve closure. After shutdown and valve closure, up to an additional 50,000 barrels of oil could drain from the pipeline at some localities." With smaller leaks, as much as 750 barrels of oil could be lost every day without being detected.

Since the pipeline would cross 350 streams, there would be major water pollution. As for land pollution, Atlantic Richfield admits that a spill of 25,000 barrels—a moderate spill by Alyeska standards—would cover 6.6 acres in winter, in level country (ARCO gives no estimate for hilly country in the summertime, when oil would run farther and faster). "There are no methods to remove oil from terrestrial surfaces without some destruction of vegetation." Some of the plant life along the pipeline route is found in no other part of the world. It could be wiped out.

Many miles of the pipe would be laid underground. Ditches to receive the pipe would be 6 feet wide and 7 feet deep; while the ditches lay open, they would be a trap for moose, caribou and bear, and "it is doubtful that any of the hoofed mammals or bears could escape without assistance."

Between Deadhorse and the Yukon River, a road 361 miles long would be built parallel to the pipeline; it would be laid on a base of gravel between 3 and 5 feet thick—requiring the excavation of about 21 million cubic yards of gravel, much of which would be scooped out of river beds, with great harm to fish life. The entire pipeline project would require quarrying about 67.5 million cubic yards of material, and this wouldn't count the 16 million cubic yards needed for developing the oil field itself. Where this stuff is dug, massive bleeding sores—not scars—would be left in the tundra. Many of the quarries would have to remain open because from time to time maintenance material would be required.

Biologists are afraid of what the sulfur dioxide emissions from the pump stations would do to the lichens, which are the primary forage of caribou; they are also afraid of the harmful effects to wildlife from the noise around the pump stations—which would be, at a distance of 600 feet, equivalent to a "noisy industrial area."

Basing an estimate on the experience of the worldwide tanker fleet, the Alyeska Pipeline Service Co.'s fleet would have an average of 1.69 collisions or groundings each year. From these, plus the illegal tank cleanings at sea that always occur, plus the accidental discharges in port and at sea that always occur, experts foresee a total of 613,000 barrels of oil washing around in the surf and gunking-up the beaches and ruining oyster beds and killing salmon. That's the equivalent of twelve major collisions a year.

The Prudhoe Bay oil field is expected eventually to cover about 880 square miles, and while that is only 0.15 per cent of Alaska's total land surface, it is quite enough—coupled with the pipeline and roadways feeding into it—to leave indelible evidence of man's presence: gouged, smeared, torn and built across so much of the terrain that "north of the Yukon River the proposed project would irreversibly and irretrievably affect wilderness values." From the road north would sprout other roads, and from them still others, until the Coke bottles and Schlitz cans cover the track of the caribou and man's spoor "irretrievably and irreversibly bisects a vast wilderness area."

Thus spake the government's own experts. And the Nixon Administration casually ignored them one and all.

That would have been that, except for the environmentalists. They appealed Hart's decision, and the U.S. Court of Appeals, on last February 8, sided with them, but indirectly. The court ignored the environmental questions and based its rulings solely on the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920, which limits rights of way across federal lands to 25 feet on either side of the pipe. So the Alaska pipeline would have only a 54-foot right of way (counting the 4-foot diameter of the pipe). The oilmen say this is an impossibly narrow corridor to work along. Some of their equipment is truly mammoth. But that's what the law says and that's what the court ruled, shrugging its beautiful shoulders and remarking, "We

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have no more power to grant their request [that is, the oil companies' request for a width waiver], of course, than we have the power to increase Congressional appropriations to needy recipients."

How the oilmen pulled their hair in rage. The very idea, interpreting the law exactly as it is written, when the Interior Department and other courts had been winking at the law for decades! On April 2, the U.S. Supreme Court said it would let the lower court's ruling stand, and thus the whole question was thrown back to Congress.

That is a terrible blow to the oil companies, for they know how slowly things move in that quicksand body. Some oilmen have urged President Nixon to declare a national emergency as one way to get around a drawn-out debate, but Secretary Morton says he doesn't think Nixon will respond to their prayers in that fashion. More than likely, he will simply cooperate tacitly with the oil companies as they increase the pressure on the public and Congress by withholding an ample supply of gasoline and heating fuel—a kind of coercive maneuver the companies have been using for several years. It is part of their high-pressure "energy crisis" propaganda campaign ($3 million spent on it via TV and the national press last year) to persuade us that if we would only let them drill and pipe anywhere they want, with no consideration for the environment, we wouldn't have trouble getting fuel.

The Congressional debate has veered sharply away from the simple question of the right-of-way width and into the much more important question of whether the trans-Alaska route is the correct one at any width. At present, the only seriously proposed alternative to a trans-Alaska pipeline is a trans-Canada pipeline, to be built down through the Mackenzie River Valley to Edmonton, and then on to the central United States.

Canadian officials much prefer this pipeline proposal. First of all—though this route would also have many environmental defects—it is much more comforting for them to contemplate than the specter of a tanker fleet spewing 600,000 barrels of oil onto their West Coast beaches each year. And, second, if the pipeline were built across Canada it could also be used to ship Canadian oil—which is the kind of thrifty piggyback that our less affluent neighbors to the north can certainly be forgiven for thinking about. [See "Arctic Pipeline: Known Problems and Effects" by Quincy Dadisman, *The Nation*, October 2, 1972.]

But the trans-Canada route is being advocated most loudly, and sometimes almost threateningly, by a group of Middle Western and Eastern members of Congress of both parties who are under tremendous pressure from constituents who have been getting shorted in the distribution of petroleum products. Any time the oil companies crimp back on fuel oil and gasoline supplies, the Midwest feels it the worst and the East Coast feels it next worst.

In recent months Sen. Walter Mondale of Minnesota has become perhaps the major spokesman among the trans-Canada advocates. With Mondale in it, we may be seeing a warm-up fight between two men who are spoken of as serious contenders for the Democratic nomination in 1976, for squared off against him is Sen. Henry Jackson of Washington, the major spokesman for the trans-Alaska clique. Jackson, chairman of the Senate Interior Committee, is in a powerful position to help the oil industry, with which he already stands high. If he can deliver the trans-Alaska route to his oil pals he will have an even greater claim to their campaign funds. On the other hand, Mondale would gain tremendous support throughout the Central states and New England if he could somehow help achieve the miracle of redirecting the Arctic oil in their direction via a Canadian pipeline. He would also have a good chance of coming out of the fight as "Mr. Environmentalist"—a title that Jackson has claimed for some time, but which he could forfeit as a result of this issue. Already he has lost face with groups that used to admire him. The Wilderness Society, for example, accused Jackson of rigging his hearings on the pipeline last March by tricking critics into staying away while the witness panels were loaded with such people as Thornton F. Bradshaw, president of Atlantic Richfield, and Edward L. Patton, president of Alyeska Pipeline Service Co.

The arguments for building the trans-Canada pipeline may not be the best in the world, but the arguments for building the trans-Alaska pipeline are often just plain stupid. Secretary Morton, for instance, says it's necessary for our "national security" to keep the oil totally in U.S. hands all the way to market—the implication being that Canada, our closest ally, can't be trusted in an emergency. Morton's argument disregards two obvious points: (*1*) in a war the trans-Alaska oil would have to dodge submarines half the way to the United States, whereas the trans-Canada oil would be routed so deeply through the boondocks all the way to market that saboteurs would get frostbite trying to find it; and (*2*) far from being an unreliable source of oil, Canada has usually tried to sell us more than our companies (preferring the bigger bargains in the Arab countries) have wanted to buy. In any event, the Department of Defense, apparently embarrassed by Morton's foolishness, has pointedly refused to endorse the national security argument for the trans-Alaska route.

The commercial arguments against the trans-Canada route are just as phony. The Alyeska Pipeline consortium keeps saying that the Canadian route just wouldn't work, that it would cost too much money, that it's a lousy idea, that it would take too long to build, etc. This is a perfect example of how corporate hotshots don't realize that just plain people are capable of reading trade magazines. Anyone with any curiosity about the problem has only to go to such a ready source as *Oil and Gas Journal*, for example, to find that a group of oil companies—in fact, some of the same companies that are in the Alyeska group and claiming the Canadian route is a bad idea—are saying out of the other side of their mouths that building a pipeline down through the Mackenzie Valley is perfectly feasible. More than feasible, they are saying it is the *only* way to bring natural gas out of the Prudhoe Bay fields. Moreover, they intend to start building a natural gas pipeline down through Canada by late summer and hope to have it completed within four years. This is, to repeat, a natural gas pipeline; but they expect to build an oil pipeline along the same route eventually.

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So why not build it now? Short of beating an explanation out of Alyeska executives, one can only speculate. However, these are two fairly good guesses:

(*1*) The Canadian pipeline would make the source-to-market routing inflexible, whereas the trans-Alaska pipeline, by feeding into a tanker fleet, would give the oil companies a way to play with their commodity on the national and world markets.

At first the Alyeska oil companies were quite candid about their intent to sell some of the oil to Japan (some are still candid about it). In an interview with *National Journal* last March, Ronald H. Merett, economics and supply coordinator for B.P. Alaska Inc., said flatly that perhaps by 1980 there would be 400,000 or 500,000 barrels-a-day surplus (that's one-fourth the Alyeska production, at predicted peak) above what the West Coast of the United States could consume and if that were the case, it might be sold to Japan. Depending only on where the higher profits lay, he said, "you reach the point where it's a matter of indifference, from the oil companies' point of view, whether we sell it to Japan or the West Coast." (Japan has recently become a major partner with B.P. in the Mideast.)

When the same philosophy was expressed earlier by other oil company executives, conservationists and consumers raised hell at the idea that Alaska's wilderness would be raped not to lower petroleum prices in the United States but to add to Tokyo's smog. The criticism became so loud that some Alyeska executives began pretending they hadn't said they would sell to Japan except, maybe, on a swap basis: ship Alaskan oil to Japan and receive an equal amount of Japanese-owned Middle East oil, which the oil companies would then bring into the more profitable market on the East Coast. This shuffling of oil with Japan would give the companies an estimated 300 per cent markup over what they could earn if they carried their Alaskan oil directly to the West Coast. For one thing, by avoiding coastwise traffic they could use foreign-flag ships with their low-paid crews. (The Jones Act requires U.S.-flag vessels for coastwise commerce but not for foreign traffic.)

Another way of juggling the Alaskan oil on the high seas to achieve greater profits was discovered by Rep. Les Aspin last year. He uncovered a secret document showing that Amerada Hess (one of the Alyeska companies) wanted to build a pipeline across Costa Rica. Amerada Hess would ship some of its Alaskan oil through this pipeline, out the other end into another fleet of tankers which would carry it to Amerada refineries in the Virgin Islands (where Amerada recently expanded its refinery capacity from 50,000 barrels a day to 450,000) and thence to the higher-priced East Coast markets. All of this, too, could be carried in foreign-flag tankers.

During last winter's fuel shortage, Amerada Hess was permitted to increase its imports of heating oil by 6 million barrels. (Questioned by the Washington *Star*, H. W. McCollum, board chairman, denied that the company received this favoritism because he and other A.H. executives had given Nixon's campaign $50,000 in 1972.) But since the government didn't specify where Amerada Hess had to sell its precious cargo, the company sold most of it on the East Coast market and allowed virtually none at all to go to the much harder pressed Central states. With that kind of commercial conscience directing the Alyeska companies, politicians from the Central states are understandably leery of any vague promises of "fair play" in the marketing of the Alaskan oil. They feel that if it isn't piped right to their front door, across Canada, they probably won't get any of it, or at least none at a fair price. And they're probably right.

(*2*) Another likely reason why the Alyeska companies are pressing for the trans-Alaska route is that if the trans-Canada pipeline came first, the environmentalists would be in a strong position to argue against *ever* building across Alaska. The companies want to force the trans-Alaska pipeline now because once they spoil the virginity of the region in that way, it will be much less difficult to persuade the public that doing it "just once more" somewhere else—either through another pipeline or lots and lots more drilling, wouldn't spoil the state's purity more than it had already been spoiled.

One thing is certain: the Alaska pipeline is just the beginning of the environmental despoilment the oilmen have in mind. There are at least ten promising sedimentary basins in Alaska that they want to get their drills into. As for the Continental Shelf around Alaska, the *Oil and Gas Journal* (February 28, 1972) describes it as "an untested but challenging province that some day should yield billions of barrels of oil." In the Arctic Islands, oil experts estimate, there is a reservoir with at least 5 billion barrels of recoverable oil, which would be worth, after all expenses, at least half a billion dollars at today's prices. Hickel, no doubt using estimates supplied by the oil companies, sees 100 billion barrels of oil coming out of the Arctic. But the International Petroleum Encyclopedia of 1972, an industry publication, is even more optimistic: ". . . crude oil potential of the Gulf of Alaska Tertiary province is 40 billion barrels, the Department of Interior disclosed in 1971 estimates. This compares with 125 billion barrels for the North Slope. Interior also says there are 120 trillion cubic feet of natural gas and 2.2 billion barrels of natural gas liquids possible there."

Any way you add up those dizzying figures, they come to a situation which makes the oil companies lust. But they want their long-term investments to be made with a guarantee of easy access. They want to be rid of the pesky environmentalists. They want to drill and pipe and gouge and ship wherever they want, whenever they want. And the best way to guarantee that this can be done is to "stake out" all areas of the Arctic with pipelines, from which there can be no environmental retreat.

And, in turn, the best way to force the pipelines through the wilderness is to intimidate the U.S. public with fuel oil and gasoline shortages. The strange things to be done 'neath the midnight sun will have their probable beginnings in these even stranger shortages, which are being concocted in the U.S. market right now. When motorists drive up to the gasoline pump and find it empty, or full of "emergency" felony-priced gas, they may begin to discount the value of untouched tundra and healthy caribou. At least that's what the board-room executives are betting their B.P. on. □

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ETHIOPIA: Trapped by Foreign Aid

NANCY K. HUMPHREYS

For the past twenty years, U.S. foreign aid, with its emphasis on "long-term" development, has held Ethiopia in a state of poverty and war. But as far as the United States is concerned, only the Ethiopian Government's continued inability to stifle dissension among its people diminishes the profits which the United States might hope to derive from the aid.

Foreign aid constitutes as much as a third of Ethiopia's yearly revenue. That third is about the only source of growth for a country that lacks powerful private financial institutions and where nine-tenths of the people are subsistence farmers. Several countries contribute to Ethiopia, but by far the two largest sources of aid are the United States and the United Nations. Ethiopian Government figures show that as of 1969, 40 per cent of foreign aid actually spent by Ethiopia came from the United States, largely through the Export-Import Bank and the Agency for International Development (AID). Another 30 per cent came from the United Nations.

Most U.N. foreign aid is given out by two agencies: the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (the World Bank) and its subsidiary, the International Development Association (IDA). Unlike the practice in other U.N. agencies, where participation is on a one-country, one-vote basis, voting power in the World Bank and the IDA is roughly proportionate to the contributions made to these agencies. The United States is the largest contributor to both agencies and the United Kingdom is second.

When the World Bank was founded in 1946, the United States had about 35 per cent of the votes and the United Kingdom about 15 per cent—almost the majority needed to grant a loan. Since then, other countries have joined the World Bank and the more recently founded IDA, and the United States and Britain have together lost about 10 per cent of their power.

Conor Cruise O'Brien, a former U.N. delegate to the Congo, said in a recent speech that the United States' control of the U.N. General Assembly has been somewhat curtailed lately by the rise of the Afro-Asian voting bloc. In the case of U.N. loans, however, these countries have little to say. With the help of a few large and friendly competitors such as Britain, West Germany, France, Italy, Canada or Taiwan, the United States has been able to disburse loans or grants as it wishes. However, far more important than its voting power was the United States' original influence in setting policy when the World Bank was formed during World War II. The policy established then was of immense economic advantage to the non-Communist developed nations—at the expense of the underdeveloped countries of the world—and continues to be so today.

U.N. aid, like U.S. aid, stresses "long-term development"—long-term in the sense that today, after twenty-some years of aid, most underdeveloped countries are little better off than they were at the end of World War II. In essence, long-term development means giving loans and grants specifically to purchase the type of technically complex machinery that the United States and major European countries are best at producing. In particular, it means loans for electric power and transport equipment. Loans for industrial, agricultural and telecommunications follow at substantially lower funding. Thus U.N. aid agencies create foreign markets for the major products of the countries giving the aid.

Assistance to Ethiopia from the United States and the United Nations is mainly in the form of loans for: aircraft (through the Export-Import Bank), electric power (through AID and the World Bank) and road building (through the World Bank and the IDA). The consequences for Ethiopia are typical of the deleterious effects that grants of this type can produce. A country that is primarily agricultural finds itself spending nearly four times as much of its funds for new investment on electric power and transport as it spends on agriculture. In the 1957-62 budget period, nearly 50 per cent of all new investment funds went for transport and communications alone.

Up to two-thirds of all new investment funds come from foreign sources, and up to half of Ethiopia's new investment revenue comes from the United States and the United Nations together. Not only must Ethiopia use this foreign aid to buy specialized equipment from abroad; it must also dip into its domestic investment funds to put this equipment to use. It is not surprising that Ethiopia has little left to invest in sectors of the economy like agriculture, industry, health and education.

In addition, in both the electric power and the road-building part of the transport sectors, the Ethiopian Government has chronically overspent. It has exceeded by up to 70 per cent the share of its domestic funds that it had planned to use for these purposes. Other sectors, particularly agriculture, have necessarily suffered. From 1963 to 1967, actual new investment in agriculture was 60 per cent less than planned. As a result, agriculture struggled to improve its yields on $40 million, while the road builders were paving the country with $72 million.

Industry, while employing far fewer people than agriculture, is an important part of the cash economy; it also is lagging. U.S. and U.N. aid for Ethiopian industry is a drop in the bucket, compared to the amounts made available for electric power and transport, and the Ethiopian Department of Commerce is in the same boat with the Agriculture Department, but with even less to spend on recurring expenses. As a result, the Ethiopian Government has been wooing foreign investors. It recently enacted seductive tax laws, both domestic and

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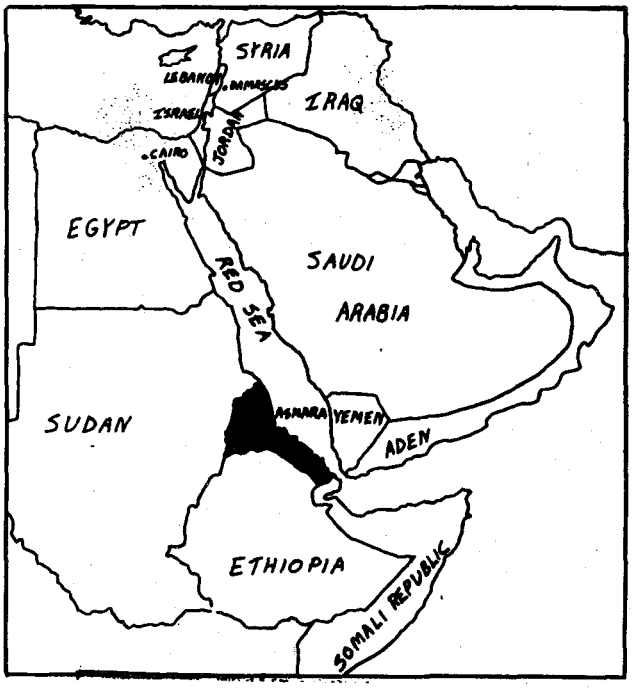
customs, and gave foreigners the right to acquire land and remove profits from the country. Certain long-established multinational corporations such as IBM, National Cash Register, Mobil Oil and Goodyear Tire undoubtedly took advantage of these provisions, but new investors do not seem to have been enticed. The U.S. Department of Commerce's "Foreign Economic Trends: Ethiopia" for 1972 reports: "Little U.S. investment has taken place in Ethiopia during the past year. There appears to have been a general lag in all private foreign investment which, under the terms of the [Ethiopian] third Five-Year Plan [for 1968-72], was to have been a mainstay of Ethiopian Economic Development." Perhaps the only remaining hope for industry is that the long and futile drilling in Ethiopia will finally strike oil.

Health and education also pick up the crumbs from power and transport. There is roughly one doctor for every 70,000 people in the country, and most of these are in Addis Ababa and the other cities. Few of the 21 million farmers receive any medical care. Average life expectancy is estimated to be 35 years. Education is currently available to only 9 or 10 per cent of those who should be receiving it. In the 1960s the United States offered some help to Ethiopian education, mainly in the form of Peace Corps volunteer teachers. The students



Sheila McGrath; The Progressive

responded by physically attacking Peace Corps members and a Peace Corps center. The young Ethiopians claimed that the United States was primarily interested in using Ethiopian education as a vehicle to control dissent rather than as a means to promote development. Whatever the intent, the amount of aid the United States gives for education is not likely to accomplish much control or development.

The Ethiopian Government, of course, is well aware of its unbalanced spending, but its planners evidently feel that there is little they can do under present circumstances. In reference to the huge overruns on road building, government planners cite the high operating cost of the sophisticated road-building equipment which foreign loans required them to purchase. They note also that these complex machines do not allow them to hire much local manpower. And even agriculture, undersupported though it is, has suffered from the same imbalance—too many machines and not enough human muscle.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will *not* appear on the following dates: July 9, 23, August 6, 20.

The overspending on equipment and the inability of the government to hire its own people to operate it have led to a new U.S. aid program called "Food for Work." It supplies Ethiopian farmers with grain in return for their work on public projects—namely road building and tree planting. This program has been highly praised by observers who do not see that it is being tried because U.S. and U.N. foreign aid has utterly failed to help the country become self-sufficient. In addition, the program's emphasis on road building is largely self-defeating if its real purpose is to create a more independent economy. Road building not only consumes an excessive amount of domestic development funds but in Ethiopia has had a depressing effect on the coffee trade, a mainstay of the cash economy.

Like most underdeveloped countries, Ethiopia has a one-crop export economy. Coffee usually brings in more than half of the export revenue. Moreover, the United States has traditionally bought about 50 per cent of all Ethiopian exports and 75 to 80 per cent of the coffee crop. Ethiopia's problem is that its coffee, which is not considered the best grade, has been steadily declining in price over the past twenty years. Between 1953 and 1968 the purchasing power of a pound of Ethiopian coffee dropped by one-half. Road building has been partly responsible for this situation. It has created a means to bring out an additional supply of coffee from the interior, and since Ethiopia is limited in the amount of coffee it can export by an international quota, this extra supply has caused prices to drop still faster in recent years.

Government planners had decided as far back as 1962 that the answer to the coffee problem was to decrease Ethiopia's dependence on coffee exports by increasing its other exports. They failed in this endeavor largely because of lack of productivity in the manufacturing sector.

In an October 1969 memo, the U.S. Embassy in Addis Ababa noted that "On the national level, efforts are being made to decrease Ethiopia's dependence on coffee as an earner of foreign exchange. . . ." However, rather than press for U.S. aid to develop other export products, and in particular finished manufactures, the embassy suggested only that the United States help Ethiopia switch from raw coffee to washed coffee as a major export, since the latter commands higher prices.

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A month later, the embassy wrote another memo to the State Department, asking about the U.S. market for washed coffee, but, in reality, both memos were formalities. In the October 2, 1969 edition of the U.S. Commerce Department's "Foreign Economic Trends," a pamphlet for U.S. businessmen, the Addis Ababa Embassy had declared that "Facilities and equipment for washing coffee are an especially popular area for investment at this moment."

By the August 10, 1970 edition of "Foreign Economic Trends" coffee washing was being portrayed as a bonanza for U.S. business. Also in 1970, U.S. AID provided a loan to enable the Ethiopian Investment Corporation to start a freeze-dried coffee plant, the money to be spent on U.S. equipment.

In addition to refusing to consider alternatives to Ethiopia's dependence on coffee for export revenues, the United States also refused to reconsider the wisdom of spending so much foreign aid on road building. Besides the Food for Work program, begun around 1970, the United States continued to promote its own business through an AID $3.5 million loan for road building spare parts. The embassy advertised through "Foreign Economic Trends" that "Development Loans Favor Sales of U.S. Road-Building and Agricultural Equipment."

The United States was not alone in its efforts to sell road and coffee equipment. In 1965 the British Trade Mission to Ethiopia noted that there was an expanding supply of coffee, thanks to the new roads, and thus a new market for British sorting and cleaning machinery. Italy and West Germany were profiting from sales of road vehicles to Ethiopia, and Japan, the British noted sourly, had the corner on the tire market. Nevertheless, in terms of foreign aid and of voting power in the U.N., it is the United States which has been most responsible for the situation Ethiopia now faces.

In the 1970s Ethiopia's failure to decrease its dependence on coffee exports will have an adverse effect on the country's tenuous political stability. Food has become a major problem in the cities. Food prices rose almost 69 per cent from 1963 to 1971. Wheat imports in the latter half of 1971 helped to ease the problem, but, as the U.S. Embassy notes in its 1972 "Foreign Economic Trends," "wheat imports will probably have to be maintained at a high level to keep living costs down and prevent social unrest." The only question is, where is money to be found for the wheat?

In 1970, because of Brazil's poor crop, Ethiopia's coffee rose in value. Since then, the U.S. Embassy gloomily reports, coffee prices have steadily declined (to 37¢-40¢ a pound). The embassy now suggests that Ethiopia try to develop other exports—not manufactures, however, but meat and live animals. In particular, the embassy offers U.S. chemical fertilizers and freezing, canning, slaughtering and other meat-processing equipment as a means of increasing these exports.

What with declining prices for its coffee exports, the adverse balance of payments means that Ethiopia has not been gaining enough export revenue to pay for even a third of its imports. The large amounts of foreign aid have put the country seriously in debt to the United States and Western Europe; in recent years 30 per cent of Ethiopia's foreign debt repayments have gone to pay interest charges. As a result of this continued underdevelopment, Ethiopia is virtually at war with itself. Two revolutionary organizations are hijacking, bombing and attacking its army on the periphery of the country. Farmers in two provinces have refused to pay taxes even when confronted by the army, and students have repeatedly shut down the schools; several students have been killed in recent years.

World attention has been focused on Ethiopia's war with the Eritrean Liberation Front (ELF). In 1952, Eritrea, a former Italian colony neighboring Ethiopia on the north, was federated to Ethiopia by the United Nations. Eritreans rebelled against this new domination, and after their leaders were suppressed, ELF was formed in the early 1960s. In the 1969-71 period ELF bombings, hijackings and battles became major news. An American consul general was kidnapped, an Ethiopian general killed, and ELF became a revolutionary movement worth worrying about.

Ethiopia's war against Eritrea has been well subsidized by the United States. The U.S. Army reports that from 1950 to 1971 it gave more than $152 million to Ethiopia through the Military Assistance Plan (MAP). In recent years Ethiopia has received $12 million annually from MAP. The major reason for this aid seems to be the U.S. Army base, Kagnew Station, founded in 1953 near Asmara, a city in Eritrea. Kagnew Station, a telecommunications base, is considered of vital importance as a listening post because of its strategic location just south of the Middle East.

Ethiopia's willingness to fight this costly war may be accounted for by noting Eritrea's important economic assets. Its major products are food, livestock, lumber, bricks, gold, oil, sea pearls, salt and potash. In addition, Nippon Mining is currently digging for copper ore in the Asmara area. Eritrea is a tiny country, with a population of less than 2 million, but it has been relatively much more productive than its neighbor; before Eritrea was annexed to Ethiopia in 1952, the value of its exports was nearly a third of Ethiopia's. In addition, Eritrea is on the Red Sea and is Ethiopia's only outlet to the ocean. Thus Eritrea provides a badly needed boost to Ethiopia's industry and foreign trade.

Nevertheless, in fighting this war, Ethiopia spends nearly a fourth of its budget on military and police. Taxes are utterly essential to paying the costs, and in the late 1960s Emperor Haile Selassie sought to increase direct taxes, especially on land. Land taxes in Ethiopia have not tended to be equitable. Church and royal family lands are not taxed, and many other large landholders manage to escape payment. However, the Emperor did not move against these powerful groups; instead, he took major action against small farmers who hold their lands communally.

Ostensibly this action was a means to land tenure reform. In reality, a previous Ethiopian research report had shown that tax revenue was higher on measured land than on unmeasured (communal) land. The reason for this was that land taxes were based on potential

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yields rather than on actual harvests, and it was harder to estimate potential yields from unmeasured land. In November 1967, the Emperor issued a proclamation which imposed the tax on actual rather than potential yields. For communal farmers this meant higher taxes, perhaps an end to their traditional way of life, and possibly even a future of being sharecroppers like most of the other farmers in Ethiopia. Farmers in the Gojjam and Bale Provinces refused to pay the new tax. As a result, after a force of 900 soldiers failed to intimidate the farmers in Gojjam, and taxes in Bale were collected only through the use of force, the Emperor gave up any real attempt to end communal landownership and raise land tax revenue.

In other parts of the country, however, dissension continues. Besides the Eritrean war, student disruptions and revolutionary actions by the West Somalia Front, formed in 1970, are taking their toll of government resources. With a per capita income of about $65 per person per year, Ethiopia is one of the poorest countries in the world. Because of its good land and low population, it is often called a potential breadbasket for Africa; yet today it remains poor—and a producer of food primarily for war. □

POWER WITHOUT POLLUTION

THE TIDAL DAM AT ST. MALO

KARL KEYERLEBER

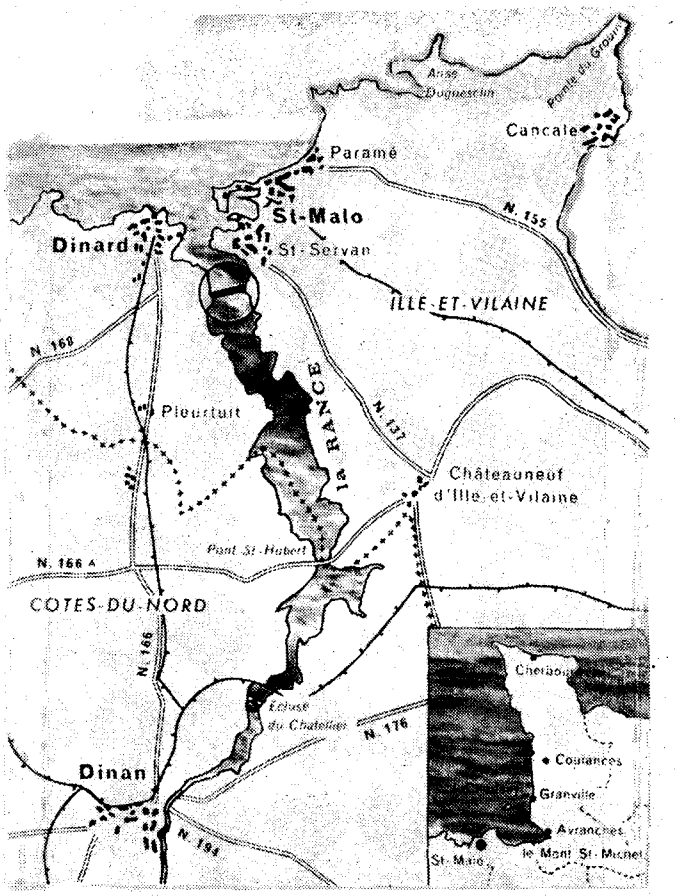
St. Malo, France

This ancient fortified town, fought over in wars from Caesar's time to Hitler's, has often seemed to have its eyes more on the past than the future. But today it can boast of one of the most forward-looking engineering feats of our time—the harnessing of the ocean tides to produce power without pollution.

I came to this underdeveloped region of Brittany for a first-hand look at the result of French pioneering because reports had indicated that it was an unusual example of man's wise use of natural resources while protecting his environment. I was drawn to the plant astride the River Rance, first of its kind, in part because of a strong belief that my own country has made a mistake by not acting on a similar plan which would have tamed the towering tides in the Bay of Fundy to furnish energy for the East Coast. (See "Passamaquoddy: A Good Idea Is Hard to Kill," *The Nation*, February 26, 1973 and "Reviving Passamaquoddy," *The Nation*, July 13, 1964.)

The basic idea is old. For centuries tidal mills have ground corn and done other chores, but as a source of energy they ranked somewhere behind windmills. Thoughtful planners in many countries have dreamed of putting the oceans to work on a big scale. The French did it, developing a sophisticated generating plant that began operating in 1967 and last year added 560 million kilowatt-hours to the national grid.

I reached St. Malo, about 200 miles west of Paris, after a five-hour ride through rain-washed country with a change at Rennes from the Paris Express. Although three-fourths of St. Malo's buildings were destroyed by a German bombing attack and subsequent week-long fire in 1944, the town retains much of its picturesque 13th-century appearance. The reason is interesting. Instead of replacing demolished buildings with gleaming, modern



structures of glass and steel, the tradition-loving residents rebuilt many areas just as they had been, even using original plans of many of the buildings.

Conveniently across the street from the railroad station is the old Hotel des Voyageurs where, as in the custom of French innkeepers, they insisted that I eat all my meals in the hotel's dining room and charged me 6 francs for a bath. On Saturday morning a twelve-minute bus ride brought me to the Rance site, where I was met by Jacques Feuillebois, a former captain in the French merchant ma-

Karl Keyerleber, a former Cleveland newspaperman and college instructor, has long been interested in environmental problems.

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rine now doing public relations for Electricité de France, the government utility that built and operates the plant. Accompanying us on a tour of inspection were four engineers and a newspaperman from West Germany.

At first sight the dam appears surprisingly small. It doesn't soar skyward 600 or 700 feet like Western dams in the United States. Slowly one becomes aware of a more significant difference. There is no huge acreage under water—no Lake Mead or Lake Roosevelt reservoir. At its highest, the water in the basin behind the dam is only a few feet above its level before the dam was built. That increase, explained our guide, is the result of pumping at off-peak hours, which overfills the basin and adds to generating capacity on the ebb tide.

Built into the concrete structure is a relatively small lock. Since the plant is upstream from St. Malo and its docks, it was not necessary to provide for ocean-going vessels. Fishing, pleasure and other small craft are locked through. Besides the lock, there are gates for controlling the flow of water, the power station itself, and a fixed dike that closes off the rest of the river's width. Most of the structure, like an iceberg, is under water.

Central feature of the power station is a concrete-walled chamber 43.5 feet from floor to ceiling and more than 1,000 feet long, like half a dozen great concert halls set end to end. The floor, we were told, is at the lowest water level when the tide is out, the ceiling at about the highest level when the basin is full. Twenty-four open bays in this long hall contain the turbines that make it all function. The turbines are of ingenious design, developed especially for this use. Whereas turbines with which we have been familiar operate when driven in only one direction, these are reversible, enabling the generation of electricity when the tide comes in as well as when it ebbs. Each turbine is encased in a bulb-shaped steel shell that looks not unlike a small two-man submarine. The generator is inside the shell and the whole unit remains under water, another departure from usual practice which places generators above the water level. Besides their two-way power production, these versatile turbines also act as pumps for the overfilling task. Each has four propeller-like blades, about 5 feet wide, of variable pitch design so that they can be set for varying conditions of tide and river current. In this first installation of its kind half the blades are of stainless steel and half of a copper-aluminum alloy. Both metals have proved highly resistant to corrosion, according to M. Feuillebois, with the stainless set standing up slightly better.

Operations are programmed daily by a computer, which takes into account variations in the tide and river flow at different hours each day and in different seasons. A small staff in a control room just off the large hall throws the switches and monitors the operation with the aid of a closed-circuit television camera. In the spring, the high tide may rise 47 feet, sending sea water surging at 10-knot speed through the rocky banks that pinch the rather broad Rance into a narrower channel as it approaches the gulf.

With the off-peak pumping and using the four tides each day, the French have been able to modify the lunar rhythm that ignores man's need for certain peak-power periods and approach the solar rhythm by which he customarily works. In other words, they can produce power when it is most needed.

Maintenance work is minor and the plant has required no repairs, said M. Feuillebois, which is remarkable in view of the innovative techniques and equipment used. "In more than six years we have had no repairs, not even a turbine blade," he commented. "Both types of blade are as good as new."

So pleased are the French with the new turbines that a program is under way to install similar ones for one-way operation in conventional hydroelectric stations on the Rhine and Rhone Rivers. Some officials have been quoted as saying that the bonus of the more efficient turbines would go far to justify the expenditure for the Rance plant even if it didn't perform as they had hoped. However, performance has met all expectations. Output is higher than the designed 540 million kilowatts per year and operating costs are less than for any other type of power plant in the French system. The Rance facility doesn't pollute the air, foul the water supply, or disfigure the landscape. Far from being an eyesore, it has become a tourist attraction that last year drew about 200,000 visitors, said M. Feuillebois. One small drawback is the fact that navigation is somewhat impeded because small vessels have to be locked through to reach the sea. What is lost in marine activity, however, is made up by improved land traffic, since a new highway using the dam as a roadway over the Rance has lopped 20 miles off the route between St. Malo and points west of the river.

A major negative factor remains and it leaves one pondering a paradox. Despite the unqualified success of the project, which is described with pride by M. Feuillebois and others at Electricité de France, there are no plans to build more tidal power plants. The reason is that nuclear plants can be built more cheaply, and the government has decided to take that route. Like the electric power industry in the United States, the French seem to be enamored of fission energy and, like the Americans, they shrug off the peril to the environment of its radioactive fuel. To some the performance of the Rance plant is rather an embarrassment.

M. Feuillebois talked about the economics of the situation, though we were handicapped by a language problem that sadly blurred nuances. As I understood him, investment cost for nuclear power in France is about half the 600 million francs, or more than $122 million in U.S. dollars, that was spent on the Rance project. But he drew attention to the difference in useful life and operating cost. The Rance facility should last fifty years, he indicated, adding that the dam could be amortized over seventy-five years and the turbines over thirty-five years. And there is no cost for fuel or disposal of waste products. A nuclear plant would have only a ten-year amortization in France, according to M. Feuillebois. This seems low and at variance with experience in the United States. In any case, such comparisons of useful life are inconclusive in any language, and only obscure the pervasive issue of safety to the environment and the extent to which expediency may govern the choices made. The one clear conclusion we could reach was that the structure in which we stood is something man can live with. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

e President Is Showing No Mercy

W OF JOHN DAVID
James Reston, Jr. McCo. 146 pp. $5.95.

VILLE WILLIAMS

When James Reston, Jr. sat down with the organizers of the Safe Return Committee in New York a year ago and decided to put together a book about a "self-retired" Vietnamese combat veteran in exile who planned, with the help of Safe Return, to come back to this country and publicly face desertion charges, he must have sensed how low the amnesty debate would eventually sink. And so he dealt with the reality of one man's repatriation rather than the fantasy of a Congressional or Presidential amnesty, or a universal or punitive amnesty, or a case-by-case review of 100,000 war resisters' motives that could take half a century.

Even as the war raged on, the amnesty question was discussed and debated almost to death, and always in terms of Mr. Nixon or Congress actually doing something about it. During the heaviest aerial bombardment in the history of warfare, *The New York Times Magazine* ran a long piece on America's war exiles and the prospects for an amnesty. A whole year earlier, *Newsweek* did a comprehensive cover story on the subject. All for what? In March of this year, in a definitive final jab sandwiched into his "Finest Hour" speech on honor and meat prices, Mr. Nixon denigrated the proponents of amnesty once more by reminding his landslide majority that amnesty for those who deserted America would dishonor the men who served.

There is, and there will be, no amnesty. Yet John David Herndon, a deserter from the U.S. Army, after two and a half years in exile in Paris, is home scot-free. James Reston's book is important, if not particularly well written, because it documents how this "amnesty by default," as he calls it, came to be. It is not only the most intelligent discussion of the amnesty question to date but it may point the way toward the only kind of amnesty we are going to get: that of war resisters, who *want* to return, seeking the support of U.S. movement groups, legal aid organizations, and sympathetic politicians in order to effect repatriation on their own terms—which means no punitive alternate service, no jail, no conditions of any kind.

The exoneration would be private, moral, a small victory not unlike the private sense of honor achieved by most men who resisted or deserted this war and only later came to see their action in a wider political context as they organized together in exile. The political impact of resistance has already been felt. The draft finally collapsed; the military in Vietnam became effectively demoralized. Perhaps it is asking too much of the country to sanctify the victory of mass resistance to the Vietnamese War by enshrining it forever under a universal amnesty. After all, the men who are criminally responsible for all that happened in this war are still in power.

Many men are coming home from exile. Deserters are getting a little stockade time, as did Tom Michaud who, also with Safe Return's assistance, turned himself in on the floor of the Democratic Convention in Miami last year, and got five months. Or, like Herndon, they are getting "amnesty by default," mostly less than honorable discharges (a dishonorable discharge in this war is like a medal, a sublime distinction). An army spokesman explained to Reston that they had found it "inconvenient to prosecute" Herndon.

Draft resisters are coming back and so far none that I know of has gone to jail; they are getting sentences of alternate service which they either appeal or refuse to carry out—or else receive suspended sentences, are found not guilty, or have their cases dismissed. In almost every case of draft evasion a good lawyer can find some procedural error that leads to "getting off." *De facto* amnesty.

Men who resisted when called or who deserted after they saw what the armed forces and Vietnam were all about and finally chose exile, usually decided to stand by their decision as long as the war lasted. And since there never seemed to be any prospect of the war ending (there still isn't, even though it's over"), few exiles gave much thought to returning, either with an amnesty, or on their own, once it was over. Most exiles felt obliged to pay the price for their decisions, which meant sticking it out in exile. It was a point of honor. Perhaps martyrdom.

However, now that all U.S. military forces are out of Vietnam, the POWs are home, and the draft is to be suspended after its expiration on June 1, exile can only be a hardship needlessly borne, or a chosen new life in a new country. It is no longer political resistance (Sweden thinks not and has closed its doors to new deserters). For a man who desperately wants or needs to return to the United States, to remain in exile is to say that the American Government has the right to keep him there, even though the war is over. Over, too, is his resistance to that war. Most exiles said the government did not have the right to jail them for resisting a criminal war, and so they chose exile over jail. Now the government has no right to keep them in exile since that war ended.

Men returning from exile or the underground during the war could expect the law to be harsh. After all, the same law was sending men to die. They were dying every day, so letting some men off while others died was immoral in the eyes of both the government *and* the resistance. But Americans aren't dying now. So why should others have to continue paying the high price of "self-deportation," as one deserter put it, for their resistance?

But Reston warns: "One thing . . . is clear beyond doubt from the Herndon case: that it is not in the interest of any war resister in exile, regardless of how desperate his circumstances abroad have become, to return quietly on the government's terms." The Herndon case proves both the possibility and the limitation of the case-by-case approach, says Reston. "It took four months of planning to bring John Herndon back and get him released. By such a standard it would take a long time to reclaim the 100,000 or so men who are thought to be in exile. Thus, there is no substitute for the overall political solution to the amnesty question. *But the surfacing of the resisters underground and the reentry of the exiles . . . will speed that broad political solution*" [emphasis added].

Roger Neville Williams spent six years in exile as a draft resister. He recently returned to this country to seek a dismissal of his case. He is the author of The New Exiles: American War Resisters in Canada *(Liveright, 1971).*

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It will also speed the solution of the very human dilemma of men without a country, men lacking the skills or education demanded of legal immigrants to Canada, men stranded in Sweden where an alien culture and language prevents most of them from ever being assimilated into Swedish life. Here we are not dealing with 100,000 exiles but with perhaps 10,000 in Canada who want or need to come back—the rest will make Canada their lifelong home—and with an estimated 80 per cent of the 470 men in Sweden, who also wish to return. These are more manageable numbers, and dozens of Safe Return committees or ACLU Project Amnesty coordinators around the country could effect the return of most of these men during the next two years. The Nixon Administration's tough talk could be put to the test and the government would be challenged to send men to jail, or to force them to do alternate service acceptable to the government, now that the war is over. As at Wounded Knee, the government might have to back down. Bringing up an armored personnel carrier is one thing; ordering it to mow down Indians is quite another. And, as the army did in the case of John Herndon, the government might find it "inconvenient" to prosecute and find guilty thousands of returning war resisters. With a nationwide support apparatus ready to jump to the defense of those few who are made scapegoats, who aren't let off, amnesty by default would soon be the name of the game.

The Amnesty of John David Herndon is a small book, and if I outlined the drama of Herndon's return from France, there would be no reason to buy it, for it is the meat of the story. But I will argue here with Reston's point that the disadvantaged John Herndon "is a symbol of exile and what it can do to a person . . . and is representative of the kind of person that America has forced to fight its front line battle." True, *most* deserters (and combat infantrymen) were from the working class, while *most* draft resisters were from the middle classes. But there is a danger in stereotyping, creating false impressions that can never contribute to solving a problem. There is a certain patronizing, condescending attitude on the part of the Left toward "working-class deserters" that I don't like and that I don't think helps the cause of deserters very much. Deserters are *people* who left the military because it had asked them to fight a useless war which it never could win —to possibly die or be maimed for nothing, or worse, to kill for no good reason. The military is made up of all kinds of people, and all kinds of people deserted between 1965 and 1973. It is the act of desertion they have in common, not class background. The same can be said of draft resistance.

Among the armed forces *deserters* I have as friends in exile are a resident surgeon, a newspaper journalist, a poet from a wealthy Eastern family, an assistant bank manager, and the highest-listener-rated AM radio disc jockey in Canada's largest city. Among my draft-dodging friends is a leathersmith who never went to college, a gas station attendant from southern Ohio, and a high-school teacher from a working-class family in New Jersey. The oldest exile of the war I know is a 33-year-old professor of medieval philosophy at McGill. The youngest is an 18-year-old carpenter. All they have in common is their opposition to the war. My closest friend to die—a B.A. in sociology and years in the Peace Co before they drafted him. assumption that only the uneducated ever actually sa my friend was killed while servi infantryman on combat assault w First Air Cavalry. He had written h that over half the men in his infan unit had college degrees. Reston writes ". . . in a fundamental sense, John Herndon is the Vietnam era incarnate." That is wrong. He is just another victim of this war, driven to exile by its madness. Except that he's now home free. □

Refreshing Critical Conservatism

OTHER CRITERIA: Confrontations with Twentieth-Century Art. By Leo Steinberg. Oxford University Press. 436 pp. $17.50.

SANFORD SCHWARTZ

In the well-known essay "Contemporary Art and the Plight of Its Public," which was originally given in talks at the Museum of Modern Art, and was later published in *Harper's* in 1962, Leo Steinberg describes how, in the 1950s, when he first saw Jasper Johns's paintings of targets, with their little boxes containing colored fragments of the human body, he was initially suspicious, then angered, and finally just frustrated. He was frustrated not only with the pictures —which were mysterious but blank, and maybe a joke—but also with those people who immediately claimed to like and, of course, "understand" what Johns was doing, and with himself, for being in the helpless position of not knowing what he felt. That essay, which Mr. Steinberg has included in this collection, is one of the few attempts to deal with the "difficultness" of Modern art as something more than the "necessary condition" of modernism. He tries to show how advanced art, if it's going to count for much in our lives, has got to be a personal issue, has got to involve some degree of "sacrifice." And he suggests that if the confrontation with Modern art, or with any art, doesn't in some way force us to give up, or at least question, ideas we had always thought we wanted to hold onto, there is nothing radical, or transforming, about the confrontation. The piece is Leo Steinberg at his best—dealing with a specific work, or idea, relating and analyzing whatever personal experience he had in coming to understand it, and then, without pompous rhetoric, drawing the larger conclusions that he believes come from his involvement.

Steinberg, who teaches Renaissance and Baroque art history at Hunter College, and gives public talks frequently in New York, is an inspiring lecturer. He makes art history into a noble profession that can change people's lives. For him, art problems are personally urgent, and his feeling is communicated to others. He has been writing about Modern art for eighteen years now. For a short stretch in the mid-1950s, he was a regular monthly reviewer for *Arts* magazine. Since then he has written a few pieces on the order of "Contemporary Art and the Plight of Its Public," and essays on individual figures, such as Jasper Johns, Rodin and Picasso. Somehow, he is never at his best on individual artists; in these essays, which make up the bulk of the book, he often loses himself, and us, in a driving need to prove things irrefutably. The strongest essays in *Other Criteria* are the ones on larger, more general ideas. The common theme, which is implicit in whatever he writes or speaks about, is that it's time for new approaches—more personal and less formalistic ones—to the way we look at, write about, and teach art. This holds for Modern art or Egyptian art—any art. Steinberg isn't alone in saying we need to find and apply "other criteria." Hilton

Sanford Schwartz has written on art for this magazine and for Art International.

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Kramer has for long shown how formalism, the dominant "serious" art criticism, is a deadening and inadequate approach. Harold Rosenberg, in his stress on the "ideas" behind Modern painting, has ignored formalism altogether. But these critics are exceptions. Very little art writing is like theirs.

The heart of the book is "Other Criteria," a wide-ranging piece (not all of it is equally strong) that attacks formalist criticism, and the bland, problem-solving art it has produced. Like Randall Jarrell's "The Age of Criticism," which it resembles, "Other Criteria" is based on a sense that criticism is too much with us, and that the busy critics may not know what they're doing. Jarrell said we could no longer see literature for the writing about it. He didn't stress the particular kind of criticism he considered so crushing; that was only hinted at. Steinberg says we can't see art, or tell whether it's good or bad, because, emotionally, we don't ask anything of it any more. Speaking about recent developments, he says that maybe there's no longer any art to see, since so much art now only exists because of the writing about it. Steinberg bases the theoretic part of his argument on showing that the distinction drawn by the chief formalist critic, Clement Greenberg, between Old Masters and Modernist painting, as two different breeds, with two different demands, is a misconception. Greenberg knows Old Master painting better than Steinberg says he does, but the point is a good one. Steinberg is right in saying that "the interest painters have in questioning their operation," which is always taken as a formalist question, is equally important throughout all art, and his examples are excellent.

Steinberg writes: "I find myself constantly in opposition to what is called formalism; not because I doubt the necessity of formal analysis, or the positive value of work done by serious formalist critics. But because I mistrust their certainties, their apparatus of quantification, their self-righteous indifference to that part of artistic utterance which their tools do not measure." How are his own tools? Unfortunately, they don't measure an awful lot. The essays on individual artists are full of sharp and unexpected moments, and they ask questions far different from what you would hear in most art writing or teaching today, but Steinberg's criteria pigeonhole artists too.

His most forceful thinking comes when he's trying to understand his dissatisfactions. When he fully admires an artist he's rarely very persuasive. He loses his intellectual distance and becomes sanctimonious; he writes uncritically. He doesn't look at Picasso or Johns in relation to a standard of quality and ask if the work is necessary or good; he is committed to proving that, once we know what they had in mind, the work is all necessary, all good. He gives Picasso, whose late work he's out to vindicate, a Steinbergian victory, which is not necessarily a victory that counts for the rest of us.

As a writer, Steinberg warms up when he can discover meanings most art viewers or historians had thought nonexistent. His visual, literary and cultural explications can be awesome in their reverberations, as is, for example, his analysis of Michelangelo's *Deluge* (presented in a lecture at the Metropolitan Museum, in 1970). At other times, as in most of the writing on Picasso here, Steinberg's discoveries aren't so rich in their connotations and he ruins his case by elaborating his points excessively. It's a comedown to look at Picasso's pictures of the 1940s and 1950s after reading Steinberg's explanations of them; his overcomplicated structure just doesn't match the visual evidence. Even more disturbing is that the spatial and figural ideas that Steinberg says Picasso is obsessively dealing with aren't exactly cultural wonders or aesthetic wonders either (though you sense Steinberg feels that they are). Picasso *may* have solved problems in his late painting that he was trying to solve all along. What Steinberg ignores is the fact that solved problems don't guarantee superior art. The result—while intellectually complete—may be aesthetically pat.

There's obviously a discrepancy between Steinberg's own performance as an art critic and the ideal new critic he imagines in his other essays. This is disheartening, but it doesn't kill what's invigorating about the best essays, and it doesn't make their message any less powerful. The problems he raises are too crucial. Few writers have said so forcefully what's wrong with the way we deal with art today. Steinberg is a valuable critic because he sees that the problems he's writing about don't have easy answers. He knows you can't simply say that once people begin applying "other criteria," recent art will become more meaningful to us. A steel slab by Richard Serra cannot be shown to be the same thing as a Michelangelo sculpture. It cannot even be looked at in the same way as a Jasper Johns target. The major portion of "advanced" art today—color-field painting, or minimal and conceptual works—can't be dealt with by "other criteria." You've got to deal with these things on their own, limited terms.

Steinberg is right to look critically at the goals of formalist writers such as

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Roger Fry and Clement Greenberg; many of the problems of recent art interpretation stem from their approach. Steinberg should, though, make clear what the difference is between Greenberg's formalist criticism, which still stands as a creative response to new art, and the mechanical, witless version of that response which holds sway in prestigious magazines today. The new practitioners have neither Greenberg's discriminating eye nor his ability to show how a formal advance might have some wider, cultural reference. Current art writing, as Steinberg says, is indifferent to a great deal of art. It's also, as Greenberg has exasperatedly said, indifferent to taste—even about the art it favors. Personal sensibility, like "interpretation," is the enemy for many serious, committed young art writers. They prefer to be impersonal, and their stylistic goal is ideally suited to describe the goals of the artists they write about. Their theoretical vocabulary allows them to deal only with a certain kind of art; all the rest is contemptuously thrown aside as "unserious." In a way, there's no difference between this situation and the situation of the mid-19th century, when academic critics were perfectly sure salon art was the only art, and said that what Manet was doing amounted to a preposterous joke. When art and art writing keep on congratulating themselves, maybe the product has got to be stale, dull, airless, "academic"—even if all the congratulations are being handed out in the name of *avant-gardism. Avant-garde* ideals can get tired and sour, and "conservative," humanistic ideals, like the ones Steinberg offers, may now be fresh and necessary. □

Divided and False Selves

TRIPLE CROSS. *Novellas by Carlos Fuentes, José Donoso, and Severo Sarduy. Translated from the Spanish by Suzanne Jill Levine and Hallie D. Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co. 329 pp. $7.95.*

RONALD DE FEO

All three of these novellas by contemporary Latin American writers deal with themes of identity—the dissatisfaction with self, the desire for a change of skin, the difficulty of functioning in that new skin, the ability to discard one self and adopt another, to jump from one false self to another. On a technical level all three are quite striking—inventive, adventurous, each author determined to break free from the bonds of traditional narrative. As far as content is concerned, however, the works vary widely, in quality and worth.

"Holy Place" by Carlos Fuentes, the writer in this volume who is perhaps best known to American readers, is narrated by Guillermo, the self-conscious, desperate and most certainly unstable son of Claudia Nervo, a famous Mexican movie actress. When he first describes Claudia, we realize immediately that she is not the average mother: "She lights a cigarette, she is dressed in black lounging pajamas, buttoned to the neck with sleeves embroidered in gold with tarot figures. Her complexion is a blend of old ivory and newborn light." Claudia is preoccupied with her career, her lovers, and a group of young female worshippers who behave like slightly crazed ladies-in-waiting. Guillermo is powerfully drawn to his mother—in a perverse way—and he is hurt by her inability and unwillingness to devote more of her time to him. His love, or more accurately, his need for the woman, is confused with desire and hatred, with his casting himself in the impossible dual role of son and lover. In one passage Guillermo raves about Claudia, expressing desire for her, threatening her with violence and with exposure, and then, weary and helpless, longing to become her baby once again: "With my hand," he says, "I can erase the false color of your thin, dry lips. . . . I can reveal the scars on your temples, your skin stretched like a funeral drum, the turkey skin of your arms, the purple paps of your breasts, the soft fritters of your belly. . . . I will make my way, tiny and terrible as I am, among the sands of your deserts, the creeping vines of your jungles, the petals of your flesh: I will be your parasite, hidden in the bottom of your womb. . . ."

The tale is really a variation on the old story of the weak, introspective mamma's boy who has become a tortured, lonely, dependent man—only this particular variation carries the business to mad, often silly lengths. Guillermo lives a solitary existence. Even when he is in the company of others he feels alone and abandoned, for his mother is absent, and only she qualifies as a companion. His apartment is so empty of life that he must fill it with expensive, exotic things—Art Nouveau lamps, Turkish stools and divans, Persian rugs, lead spiders dangling from a boxwood ceiling, and dogs, large, somber animals bought by his mother that now follow him about. In this arid setting, he thinks so much about his mother that he has little time to think of anything else; he says that she "usurps" his identity. One day he visits her apartment, undresses, and puts on her clothes. If he can't be with her, then he will assume her identity.

Since Fuentes is an extremely accomplished stylist, the novella is at times effective despite its pretentiousness and its unintentional humor. We are carried along by Guillermo's dreams, his classy language, by the pyrotechnical display—shifts in time, lengthy, intricate monologues—and by the convincing depiction of Guillermo's growing emotional intensity. The story is more interesting as a technical exercise than as a human study because it is too arty and shallow for its own good, reminiscent of Moravia at his worst—say, in *A Ghost at Noon.* Guillermo is forever alluding to myths and legends. At one point he sees his mother as Tlazolzéotl, "the goddess of death, fertility and filth." At another, he echoes the Oedipus myth, imagining himself to be the king. Again he thinks of himself as Telemachus, trying to ward off his mother's suitors as he awaits the return of his father, Ulysses. Fuentes is too obviously manipulating this character by having him cite mythic parallels on almost every occasion. The reader never quite understands Guillermo's torment—why, and it is the central question of the story—is he so desperately attracted to his empty, grotesque mother? Far from living up to his description as a complex, enigmatic being, he is a thin fictional creation through whom the author proposes to make a mountain out of a molehill.

Though not as technically daring as Fuentes' work, "Hell Has No Limits," by the Chilean writer José Donoso, is far more convincing in its characterizations and in its essential vision. Whereas the world of "Holy Place" is posh and pseudo-decadent like that of certain Visconti and Losey films, the world of "Hell Has No Limits" is earthy, hard and amoral. Though it is just as closed and limited as the world Fuentes has created, it seems more real and true.

Donoso focuses on one day in the life of La Manuela, a transvestite who lives with her (or his) daughter in the broken-down brothel of a decaying village. The author is not so much interested in her specific activities during the course of this day as he is in her dreams, reflections and memories. As he explores her thoughts and feelings, he touches on the people who, to varying degrees, oc-

Ronald De Feo's short stories have appeared in the Transatlantic, Massachusetts, North American *and* Roanoke Reviews.

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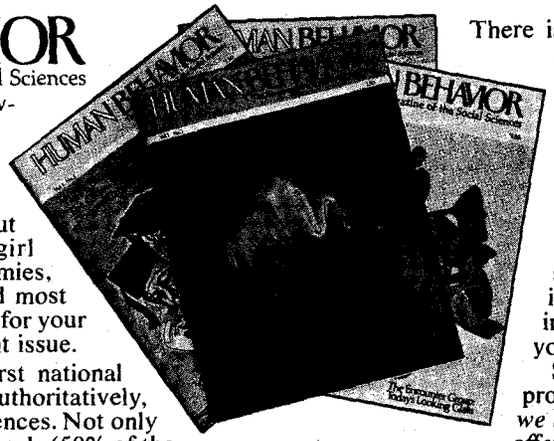

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cupy her mind—Japonesita, her ugly daughter, who manages the brothel; Don Alejo, the village's rich man, a politically influential vineyard owner who is supposedly trying to get electricity for the village; Don Pancho, a brothel customer with whom La Manuela longs to dance, a brutish man envious of Don Alejo; and the now deceased Japonesa, the madam who once persuaded La Manuela to sleep with her in order to entertain Don Alejo and win a whorehouse from him. The material sounds sensational, but, to Donoso's credit, he does not allow it to get out of hand and become merely perverse and stupidly shocking. His people affect us not because of their odd roles and desires but because of their quiet desperation, their dissatisfaction with their lives, and their hopeless dreams of escape.

The desperation Donoso's characters experience is a result not only of internal forces but of external ones. The only hope the dying village has for rebirth is the electrification plan. As the day progresses, it becomes evident that Don Alejo has not persuaded the government to adopt the idea—on the contrary, he has, in effect, sold out the village for personal gain. Pancho Vega has long suspected that Don Alejo secretly hopes to level the village and establish more vineyards. When his suspicions are confirmed, and he sees nothing but the prospect of destruction for the town and for himself, he gets drunk, visits La Manuela, yields to the attraction he feels, and dances with her. Then, in revulsion, he beats her. La Manuela realizes that she is being attacked because she is a male; she is not La Manuela but Manuel Gonzalez Astica. Her dream of achieving another identity has not been realized—any more than the dreams of her acquaintances or the plan to save the town have been realized.

Although Donoso uses fairly traditional narrative techniques in developing his story, he does present his characters' thoughts in a striking manner. (He used the same method in his second novel, *This Sunday*.) The passages in which these thoughts are detailed usually begin in the third person, then switch suddenly to the first. These monologues, or soliloquies, have the effect of bringing the characters close to us. In this way Donoso avoids the monotony of the reportorial third person in recording the mental life of the actors in his drama.

The last novella, "From Cuba with a Song," by Severo Sarduy, a Cuban experimentalist, is comprised of three tales, each as incoherent and juvenile as the others. Three terribly precious, brainless, cartoon-like creatures, Mortal, Help, and Mercy, have the ability to transform themselves into various inane characters. The worlds in which they perform are abstract, and populated by such supposedly symbolic beings as Lotus Flower, a soprano at the Chinatown Opera House. The worlds are so vague and meaningless that just about everything can occur in them. And we couldn't care less. Sarduy is, with good reason, doubtful of the reader's ability to penetrate his tales, so he provides a brief explanation at the end of the work.

It is unfortunate that *Triple Cross* ends with a whimper. In any case, it is the Donoso novella that gives the volume its value, and, like all satisfying works of fiction, it draws the reader to the author's other creations. □

Shall We Grow? Can We Help It?

TOWARD GLOBAL EQUILIBRIUM: Collected Papers. *Edited by Dennis L. Meadows and Donella H. Meadows. Wright-Allen Press. 353 pp. $18.*

S. FRED SINGER

It is now one year since the Club of Rome released its study *on The Limits to Growth*, which urged an immediate limit to population growth *as well as all economic growth*. A great deal of controversy has been generated by proponents and opponents of this policy. However, I have seen no need to change my rather negative conclusions (see "The Computer as Pallbearer," *The Nation*, March 13, 1972, and "Do We Dare To Grow," *The Nation*, November 27, 1972); and I am not inclined to do so now on the basis of reading *Toward Global Equilibrium*. The latter book has little bearing on *The Limits to Growth* since it does not support its major assumptions nor justify its methodology.

Actually, *Toward Global Equilibrium* has some interesting papers on the flow of DDT, on mercury in the environment, on natural gas supplies and consumption, and on population control among a primitive New Guinea people. All these discussions involve mathematical model-building and the use of a computer which puts the assumptions into a convenient and attractive computer language called "Dynamo." Some of the conclusions may be valid, e.g., those on DDT, where the assumptions are generally sound. But other models appear to be way off, e.g., those dealing with natural gas, where the possibility of joint discovery of gas and oil has been neglected, as well as the possibility of fuel switching.

It is a pity that the fundamental theses of *The Limits to Growth* are merely reiterated in the present volume, and not made plausible. It is ironic, however, to find reprinted without comment (on p. 26) Professor Forrester's remarkable assertion, so out of line with the theme of *The Limits to Growth*: "Efforts for direct population control may be inherently self-defeating . . ." since this would lead to higher living standards. □

S. Fred Singer is professor of environmental sciences and member of the Center for Advanced Studies at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. He is editor and co-author of Is There an Optimum Level of Population? *(McGraw-Hill).*

Our Plutomeritocrats—Warts & All

THE BUCKLEYS: A Family Examined. *By Charles Lam Markmann. William Morrow & Co. 364 pp. $8.95.*

QUINCY HOWE

Unlike most of the biographers of most of the Kennedys, this first biographer of all the Buckleys avoids extremes. Whereas the Kennedys invited the denunciation of a Victor Lasky no less than the adoration of a William Manchester, the Buckleys preferred to cooperate with Charles Lam Markmann in the more difficult and delicate task of striking a balance between their public and their private lives. As the Buckleys' biographer points out, the two families have differences as sharp as their similarities. Both founding fathers were self-made Irish Catholics of intense pride, ambition and loyalty to their own. Yet the Kennedy sons shunned their father's isolationist views as emphatically as the Buckley sons echoed their father's similar views on the same subject. At the same time, the somewhat richer and far more flamboyant

Quincy Howe is now a news commentator on WTFM. His latest book is Ashes of Victory *(Simon and Schuster).*

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Joe Kennedy—a Democrat—did not win among the predominantly Republican Boston Brahmins the acceptance that the more modest and self-assured Will Buckley—a Republican—gained among the Protestant Connecticut Yankees.

Insofar as Mr. Markmann focuses on the public lives of the Buckleys, William F. Buckley, Jr. gets the most attention, but it is his brother, the Senator, who emerges as the more important if less interesting of the two. Prof. Francis E. McMahon of Notre Dame has deplored William F.'s "woefully inadequate grasp of theological and philosophic principles," and a close associate of more than fifteen years feels that "in the ten years since he has been a television personality, Buckley has not had a single thought"—thus leading Markmann to speculate, "How can anyone who devotes so much of himself to television, a newspaper column, and popular journalism save himself from being at least in part a creature of those brainless media?" But if James Buckley gravitated to his own level in the United States Senate, cannot the younger brother best serve their family's political fortunes in the mass media? Whatever the future holds, Markmann views Bill and Jim Buckley as a formidable and well-balanced political team.

Himself a disabused liberal, Markmann now describes American liberalism as "a failure better passed over in silence," and salutes the Buckleys because "they know their business which is conservatism." He deplores their "frighteningly pessimistic philosophy—all truths that matter have been learned, there is nothing left to discover"; he describes them as "dangerous, not evil," and dangerous only because of their "incapacity to pretend to any goals other than their real ones"; they "never change convictions for mere advantage," and William F. Buckley, Jr. considers it his Christian duty "to assert his belief that he has apprehended the truth." The decency and self-discipline of their private lives serve, among other things, to underwrite their public adherence to conservative and reactionary tendencies which Markmann wholly condemns. But he also stresses another danger from another quarter: "The free-market principle is exalted to theological dogma and invoked to sanctify the destruction of the rights of the vast majority of individual persons—those who lack the luck and/or the flexibility of scruple to claw their way to the top of the endlessly contesting heap."

Here Markmann opens a can of worms of expanding proportions. For one thing, the Buckleys and their Nixonite friends have displayed no more wisdom concerning the economy than they have shown compassion for the deprived majority of mankind. For another, as Talleyrand pointed out long ago, blunders are sometimes worse than crimes, and in our increasingly interdependent world, bad morals, bad politics and bad economics often go hand in hand. The year 1968, which began with the Tet offensive, ended with the disintegration of the Democratic Party and of the great coalition which Johnson inherited from his predecessors in the White House, beginning with Roosevelt. Four years later, President Nixon mistook his landslide victory over Senator McGovern for the beginning of a new era in which he would lay the foundations of a new Republican majority comparable to the Democratic majority that Roosevelt had begun to fashion forty years before.

But Nixon, like Johnson before him, failed to take into account the accelerating pace at which events were moving. If the Vietnamese War destroyed the Democratic Party as it had functioned since Roosevelt's time, the Watergate scandals have already destroyed the latest and greatest of President Nixon's political game plans. The quarter of a century between the death of President Roosevelt and the election of President Nixon had witnessed an accelerating sequence of wars, civil wars and revolutions that continue to shake the world. Between 1968 and 1972, the Democrats received their full share of retribution for past crimes and follies. Now the Watergate scandals and their repercussions have begun to backfire on the second Nixon Administration.

This unexpected turn of events presents the Buckleys with opportunities as well as dangers, and adds to the timeliness of Markmann's book. For President Nixon and the Republican Party now need their conservative Establishment as much as Roosevelt and his successors needed their liberal one. David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* makes its most original and telling point at the outset when it describes Robert A. Lovett's handing over, in effect, the keys of the Eastern seaboard's liberal Establishment to an eager John F. Kennedy who—under the

HUNGER

An owl shuffles in the
cold eye of the moon. In

low ground blind mice
are alive. Even hunger is

as old as these hills
where everything known

is a risk. What can we
learn from the dangers of

this world, like driving
through mountains in rain—

from loving, and later
like orphans of night

from trekking the slow
depths of sleep?

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guidance of that Establishment—extricated the United States from the bloodless cold war only to lead it into the bloody quagmire of Vietnam. The consequent disarray into which this threw the Democrats dazzled and deceived President Nixon into the state of euphoria which led him to the Watergate debacle.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, George F. Kennan, Edwin O. Reischauer, George Ball, and a dozen other scholars, journalists and public servants have made such intellectual contributions to the Democratic Party as all the Buckleys in Christendom cannot match. But William F. Buckley, Jr. and some of his *National Review*'s editors and contributors can communicate with a small handful of the President's inner circle—notably Henry Kissinger, William Rogers and Elliot Richardson. And Sen. James Buckley's willingness to cooperate with some of his moderate colleagues and his brother's willingness to tangle with President Nixon suggest that the Buckley family might even yet save the Grand Old Party from the California defense contractors, the Texas oil billionaires, and the Florida real estate speculators—not to mention the Haldemans and Ehrlichmans, the Liddys and Hunts, the Mitchells and Deans.

One final word. Instead of summarizing Markmann's summation of the Buckleys' family history, I have tried to show how the book transcends its original purpose. By avoiding black-and-white interpretations of events and personalities in a constant state of flux, the author leaves his readers free to make their own interpretations of current developments impossible to foresee. The Watergate scandals offer an outstanding case in point. As this observer now sees them in the light of Markmann's book, Watergate may well have created a situation in which those same Buckleys whom he has depicted here will find themselves playing roles as unexpected as the events in which the past few weeks have entrapped us all. Perhaps future events will revise some of the revisions that seem to this observer now in order. But whatever may happen bids fair to confirm Markmann in his open-ended approach to the ebullient Buckleys and their destiny. □

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Tomas Gutierrez Alea is a Cuban film maker whose *Memories of Underdevelopment* is the first movie from that country to attract wide attention in the United States since Castro's government seized control. Perhaps because Cuba is a small state going through a critical period of renewal—and being bullied by its huge neighbor as it does so—the critics have united to declare the picture a masterpiece. But it is obviously not that, and I think we patronize Alea by saying that it is.

Made in 1968, *Memories of Underdevelopment* is set in 1961 Havana, in the months just preceding the Bay of Pigs invasion. Sergio (Sergio Corrieri), the son of wealthy property owners, remains behind when his wife and parents flee to Miami; he is disgusted by the fat life he and they had lived under the Batista tyranny, and since he aspires to be a writer (though his attempts in that line seem restricted to a close examination of the moving parts of his typewriter), he decides to hang on and see what happens.

The trouble is that not much does. Sergio is much worried by the psychic wounds that underdevelopment inflicts on a country like Cuba, and it is right that he should be, for he is the film's most striking example of underdevelopment. I can understand that the director might have seen this as a promising situation, but it results in a moody indolence that is the reverse of dramatic or informative. As is the custom in pictures that explore the spiritual doubts of modern youth, Sergio is much given to solitary walking and prone sprawling on unmade beds. During such passages he reviews his experiences and engages in erotic revelries, and the film is composed largely of inconclusive flashbacks and unconsummated fantasies. More actively, the morose hero seduces a girl (whom he soon abandons as being hopelessly underdeveloped) and attends political seminars, which he rightly scorns as ideological drivel. I did find it interesting that Alea was able to express his contempt for revolutionary logic chopping.

The effect of the film—inevitably from its premise—is depressing, but I'm not convinced that it reflects the morale of Cuba in those days. Pampered and broody young men who find themselves insufficiently challenged by their surroundings are not confined to island countries in the process of revolution; and I was unhappily conscious, as I watched the picture, that I was seeing almost nothing of Castro's Havana. The cameras could as well have been shooting somewhere in the outer reaches of Queens.

Peter Bogdanovich is young and cannot remember the 1930s. However, that was no great handicap for him when he made *Paper Moon* because he was less interested in recapturing the period than he was in recalling its movies, and the film archives are available. Bogdanovich is shrewd and he is cashing in on the nostalgia of his elders. He never drove a Model A roadster down the ruler-straight roads of Kansas, singing *Keep Your Sunny Side Up* to stay awake during a day-long pursuit of the horizon, but I have. He never beamed and sniffled over the whimsicalities of Shirley Temple, thus forgetting for an hour that there were bread lines in every town and city and shanty villages on their outskirts, but a lot of my contemporaries did (there were some, to be sure, who avoided Miss Temple, from a conviction that such sugary antics only made a bad time worse).

Paper Moon is about a wise little girl and a con man, so Shirley Temple is obviously the source. But Bogdanovich is much too smart to replay that image intact; nostalgia must keep up with the times. So *Paper Moon* runs *Little Miss Marker* through *Grapes of Wrath* country and Tatum O'Neal, the 9-year-old (so the script says) daughter of Ryan O'Neal, who plays the con man, would have shocked the ribbons out of Miss Temple's golden hair. She smokes cigarettes in bed, she pimps for a hotel clerk when that advances her interests, and she observes of Trixie Delight, who briefly

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joins the party and whose frequent need to stop at roadside conveniences irritates her, that the woman "must have a bladder the size of a peanut." Earthiness was not the Temple line.

Nor is there anything sweet and innocent about the games this father and daughter play (in the picture he is quite possibly, but not certainly, her father). They steal from the slow-witted and cheat the recently bereaved, and it is only when they try to swindle a country bootlegger by selling him several cases of his own whiskey that they learn they are not the only hunters in hungry Kansas. Trixie Delight, Oriental dancer extraordinary in a backroads carnival, has as maid a rather lumpish adolescent black girl in pigtails. This Imogene (P. J. Johnson) links *Paper Moon* to the Our Gang comedies, and I thought for a moment that Bogdanovich was paddling pretty close to the rapids with the "Yas, Miss Trixie; I'se comin', Miss Trixie" business. But in fact there is not an ounce of Stepin Fetchit in Miss Johnson's Imogene. Her lines might have been written by Ed Bullins, and lines very much like them can be heard any night at the Negro Ensemble. It's a matter again of updating the nostalgia.

And that, in the end, is what gives *Paper Moon* its edge. The formula it apes is pure and venal escape, but Bogdanovich's canvas landscape keeps tearing and through the gaps you glimpse what it was really like. Trixie Delight (Madeline Kahn) isn't fooling herself, and Moses Pray, the con man, is brash, funny and running scared. The story is sweet piffle, but the people in it sweat for real. Even if at the age of 9 you knew your mother was a barroom tramp, it is no joke to have her die and leave you to the mercies of the women's Baptist auxiliary in Hays, Kan.; Shirley Temple would not have tried to laugh that one off and certainly Tatum O'Neal does not. She looks mean and she blackmails without compunction (the depression was a cram course, of a sort). *Paper Moon* is a tear-jerker by deliberate choice of models and, what with all those old songs and Fibber McGee coming out of Tatum's radio, I heard a good deal of happy nose blowing in the theatre. But I'm not much choked up by the legend of the rascal and the waif (*The Kid* has always struck me as Chaplin's least endurable picture), and what I liked was Bogdanovich asking whether we really swallowed this kind of stuff back when Roosevelt closed the banks.

I liked that and the way O'Neal and his daughter work together. They play the formula perfectly straight, leaping at every corny joke, every poignant moment, as though they were the first actors to travel down that long closing shot to the sunset. They let the implications of those famine years appear in what they take for granted. They are stylish performers, directed by a young man whose cleverness just manages to avoid being cold-blooded. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Jean Dubuffet has had too many retrospectives. The first, very large and detailed, at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, Paris, in 1960 signaled his acceptance by the French, who until then had withheld general recognition. Next, the Museum of Modern Art organized one in 1962 and, after New York, that retrospective was seen in Chicago and Los Angeles. In 1966, the Tate Gallery, London, arranged a third which then traveled to Holland. Dallas and Minneapolis shared another retrospective, and in 1969 Montreal was the site of yet another. The present show at the Guggenheim Museum, therefore, is at least Dubuffet's sixth retrospective (I may have missed some: did Tokyo really escape?). It is too much, especially as there seems no pressing need for the post-1962 art world in New York to make up its mind about Dubuffet just now. It is my impression that there is a general lack of interest in the show among artists, writers and students.

One can see the satisfaction to the artist of the assemblage of honors, for Dubuffet, like the American Abstract Expressionists, was a late starter and his radical early work encountered strong public and establishment opposition. But why should museums be willing, even eager, to mimic one another every year or so? The main reason is the security that comes with doing again what is seen to have worked a year or so back, but cyclic shows lead to an impoverished exhibition program, the heroes of which are corroded by overexposure. An excess of retrospectives leads to a routinization of works of art that once were tough and vivid. In addition, less topical artists or artists with less clout do not get seen. I invite readers to compile their own lists of good artists with solid records who have not had one retrospective, let alone six.

This particular retrospective is a spotty survey of Dubuffet's periods: it is O.K. on the Women and on the Texturologies, weak on the Beards and the early Hourloupe period (which, talking of repetition, was shown in abundance at the Guggenheim in 1966). The fact is that the abbreviated sampling of Dubuffet's past work is done so that the later sculpture can preponderate. This is present en masse. Dubuffet's development is distorted to flatter his present production, a bias more to be expected of a gallery than of a museum. The sculptures, made out of polyester resin, and painted in flat color patches and black contours, are awkward solidifications of painting. Color wriggles sluggishly over surfaces which are modeled like old bones, yet preserve the bland look of the almost weightless plastic of which they are made. They occupy real space tentatively, having lost the significative vigor of Dubuffet's paintings without acquiring a compensating dynamic in three dimensions.

The 1970s has been, so far, a period of crisis for Abstract painting. The simultaneous weakening of Kenneth Noland (*The Nation*, March 19), Jules Olitski and Frank Stella is something to disconcert their most infatuated supporters. It seems that they have exhausted their capacity to sustain variations on narrow themes determined in the early 1960s. Their reaction has been one of stylistic panic, as in Stella's jump from a mode of high visual consistency to a brutal but irresolute disjuncture of parts. It turns out, however, that symmetry and spectrally close colors can still be used by artists who have not lost

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their confidence and judgment. Ralph Humphrey (Bykert Gallery) had a brilliant show based precisely on easily learnable layouts, combined with subtle, almost unnamable colors. The structure is given, but the color is deeply elusive. He continues to work successfully in the reductive mode that the others are failing to sustain. For example, the earliest painting in the show, "No. 10," from last year, has three wavy color lines, purplish, pale blue and soft orange, and two of these lines overlap. In other paintings, done this year, there are no crossovers and no flutter, and the pictures are better for it.

Humphrey's paint is matte and solid, the color often taking on a milky opacity. In "No. 11" there are two yellows, one in a broad surrounding band, one in a central field; there is a single gray bar in the upper center. The edges of the gray reveal traces of an underlying purple and red. The boundaries between colors in his paintings are extraordinary, porous yet firm. They are not the brushy autographic edges with which we are familiar elsewhere, but complex transitions, no less solid than the planes of color they circumscribe. His stretchers continue to be very shallow and the rectangles have rounded corners. The solidity of the supporting plane of the canvas is not in doubt, but it is honed down so that in side view the picture plane is like a slice of color. The dense surface thus takes priority over the plane of the canvas, but without departing from a canon of flatness. It is the maintenance of this kind of skill and subtlety that distinguishes Humphrey's new work.

A museum, a commercial gallery, and now a cooperative gallery; at 55 Mercer Street there were paintings by Racelle Strick and string constructions by Kazuko. Though the gallery is run by artists, neither of these is a member; they were invited to show when the scheduled exhibition of a member was delayed. Kazuko's constructions are built on the site and have to be taken down after the exhibition: in fact, they no longer exist, though future works are potential in the geometrical principles and the talents of the artist. On the 12-foot high walls of the gallery were four rectangular constructions, each about 15 feet long, and one tapering piece of two overlapping triangles, like a big arrowhead. Kazuko measures a grid on the bare wall and at regular intervals drives in nails that are used to support a taut network of strings (with occasional sagging lines and slight twists in some of the nails). Her materials are as simple as possible, but the expansion of the similar units of the grid is disturbingly subtle. She creates a shallow zone of space, declared by the grid, just off the wall, that acts as an envelope between the literal surface of the containing wall and the open space of the room at large.

In the triangular piece the string and the nails are close together, producing an insistent structure which conveys a dramatic directional thrust, but I prefer the other works in which the grid is constant and hence unemphatic. Here variety is introduced by using black and white string and by varying the projection of the points from the wall. My favorite was the piece in which the horizontal strings started flush with the wall on the left, but rose from the wall to about a 1.5-inch projection 15 feet away to the right. In addition these strings were angled out of the horizontal. The combination of advance and tilt, within very strict limits, yet over a large area, produces an extraordinary realignment of one's formal expectations. We are presented with a new relationship between large scale and reticence: largeness is entirely without bombast and reticence is without hesitation or delay. □

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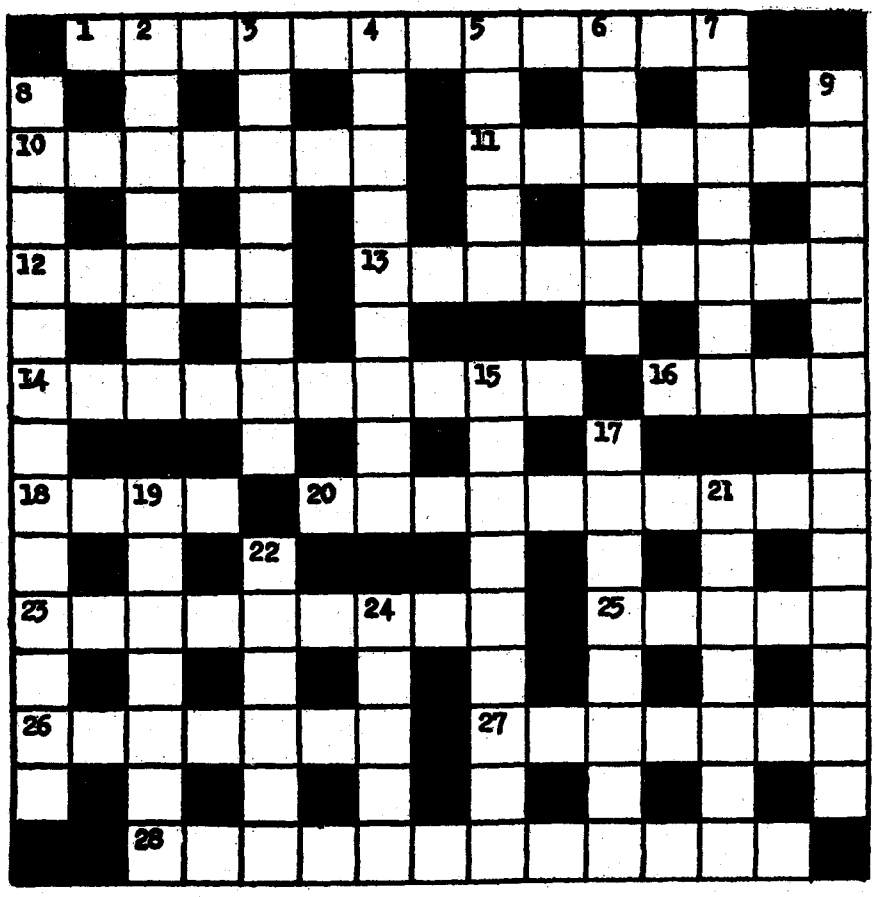
Crossword Puzzle No. 1493

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Implying the well-behaved get everything, as a bonus. (3,2,3,4)
10 No line on such things, being somewhat anarchistic. (7)
11 Tell one of his better products? (7)
12 A number caught in the exit come to grief. (5)
13 Possibly a female forger associated with the Boer War. (9)
14 Time on your hands with it? Not exactly, but close. (10)
16 Reichenbach's power in part of Norse mythology? (4)
18 Pull apart? Eye-wash! (4)
20 Lamb time, so possibly it's a natural process. (10)
23 Doesn't run a little way to those descended by male links. (9)
25 Part of any man's language? (5)
26 Like one of the Jewish resistance, hard-working? (7)
27 Flowers might, and some egresses are required to. (4,3)
28 Europeans find it more important than a vulgar shopping center. (6,6)

DOWN

2 Doctrine goes against a collection of flowers being dangerously attractive. (7)
3 To English, the French estimate of worth is put up with! (8)
4 Validate Washington's capital, if you want a sort of power surge. (5,4)
5 Reputedly acted only humanly. (5)
6 Bosses, when slightly upset, might fill your mind this way. (6)
7 One might get openly resisted about it, but it's very highly regarded. (7)
8 How to reduce the comforter to suitable proportions? We might try to treat the 9 down so. (3,4,2,4)
9 Drunk, but still powerful? One shouldn't act like this! (4,3,6)
15 Its occupants are probably of the same grade. (9)
17 Far worse, it seems, to perjure oneself! (8)
19 It includes Syriac and Chaldee. (7)
21 When on course, one might be putting things here; otherwise it's an awkward place to be. (2,1,4)
22 Up to par, as one can tell. (6)
24 Hot as some homeless old poet. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1492

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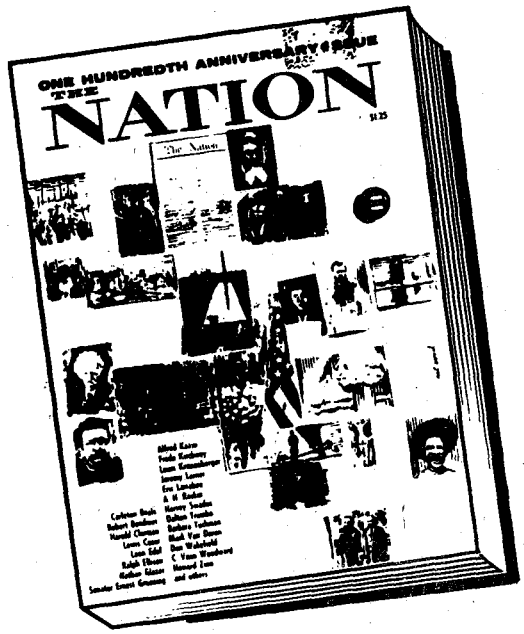

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